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LIFE.

BY S. K. COWAN.

A little basket cradle-bed,
A little shining curly head;
A little workman, spade in hand:
A little footprint on the sand.

A tremulous star, a wavering flute,
Two souls that speak, though lips are mute:
Two touching faces fixed above,
Two kindred spirits, one through love.

A little cloudlet in the sky,
A mother's pang, an infant's cry:
An autumn leaflet, crisped and sere,
A thoughtful brow, a pensive tear.

A moonlit cypress, zephyr-stirred,
Two moving shadows, silver-haired:
Two mounds of grass upon the lea,
A gleam of light beyond the sea.

AN ODD WOOING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

AND now we must go to the Antipodes, and find out what has become of Rosamond's husband, and how it was that after his arrival in Melbourne he seemed to drop out of existence, and never once had sent her a line.

Surely, had he known of the agonizing suspense she endured every mail day—of how her heart throbbed in response to the postman's knock—of her breathless expectation when letters were handed about—of her sickening despair when none came to her half out-stretched trembling hand—of the nights she paced her room in tears—of her desperate struggles between hope and despair, love and hate, suspicion and confidence—he would have written.

And so he would have written, of course, but that he and forty-one of the crew and passengers of the sailing ship "Carmina," bound from Melbourne to New Zealand, were cast away on one of the bleak, barren islands of the group known by the name of the "Twelve Apostles," in the following manner:

When Allan arrived it Melbourne he discovered that this sailing-ship was starting for Auckland the very self-same day—no time to be lost!

He therefore just moved his traps on board without an hour's delay.

As he said to himself, the sooner he set to work the sooner his work would be done, the sooner he would have some money saved to pay Rosamond's passage-money out, and to make a home for her.

He had not even time to write to her; but his diary of the voyage he gave to a smart-looking boy to stamp and post, with a couple of shillings for his trouble; and I am sorry to say that the boy annexed the stamp money as well as the shillings, and flung the packet where it can tell no tales—into the fire.

The "Carmina" was a well-known fast sailing clipper ship, and carried about thirty passengers and a crew of eighteen hands, and was towed out of Melbourne harbor at sunset on the very same day as our hero had arrived there.

For two or three days they made splendid weather, sailing along with, as it were, wings of the wind, over waves that were not two large, and with a motion that was not too unpleasant.

In fact, Allan found the sailing ship a delightful change from a steamer with the incessant grind, grind of her engines, and hideous smell of oil and machinery.

But this pleasant state of affairs was not to last for long—it was the calm before the storm.

A gale traveling in their direction overtook them, and they experienced terrific weather; were blown out of their course, and had two boats carried away the first day. During the night the steering gear was smashed, and the man at the helm washed overboard.

The hatches were of course battened down on the agonized, terrified passengers, as sea after sea thundered on the deck, and swept away the binnacle part of the bridge and another boat.

For two days were these miserable people herded together in semi-darkness, expecting that every lurch of the ship would be its last.

Three days the storm raged; three days the sky had been inky black, the waves mountains high, the wind a tempest, howling so loudly as almost to drown every sound in the saloon and adjoining cabins.

The passengers were nearly frantic—the womenkind especially—and one of them had over and over exclaimed to Allan "that if it would only come and be over—meaning death—it would be a mercy to them all, but this suspense was like twenty deaths at least;" to which he replied, with all the cheerfulness he could assume, "that many a vessel had ridden out as fierce a gale, and that while there was life there was hope, and that in his opinion the wind was going down, and the sea not so strong as it had been an hour ago."

But his consolations were of very little use.

The girl, who was sitting on the floor with her head against one of the settees, merely buried her face in its cushions for all reply.

She and her sister, who was considerably older than herself, were on their way to join a married brother in Wellington, New Zealand, and their name was Bevan, and this one, Alice, with her pallid, livid face and streaming black hair, was a very handsome young woman of five-and-twenty.

Her sister was at least ten years older—staid, stony-minded, and sandy, and had more than once endeavored to raise the flagging hopes of all the other womenkind—her sister included—with jorums of brandy-and-water.

Allan had been right, when he had said the wind was going down.

It gradually abated, and left as its substitute a thick sea fog, which, to the innocent passengers, seemed a delightful exchange—no more rolling violently, or pitching headlong.

The hatches were raised, fires lit in the galleys, and some cooking carried on, and many of the people sought their berths, worn out, and slept the sleep of exhaustion and relief, and the "Carmina," with broken rudder, bulwarks smashed, and the loss of her foretop mast, drifted helplessly through the fog, the captain himself not knowing whither.

The sun had not been seen for days, and he was unable to take an observation.

Meanwhile, he set about repairing the steering gear, reassuring the passengers, and regaining some kind of discipline, and regular hours once more; for, during the three last days time and meal-time had been totally disregarded. What did people, who might be drowned at any moment, want with dinner?

And for three or four days the sea fog continued, and nobody realized how excessively dangerous was their position, excepting the captain and crew.

The passengers, once more in calmer weather, were cheerful, ate, drank and were merry.

One night when the sea was comparatively smooth, about midnight, Allan was not merely awake, but was actually knocked out of his berth, by a violent concussion.

In an instant he realized the position—they were aground.

He heard the roaring of breakers, the wild excited cries of sailors overheard, and in two moments had flung on his clothes and opened the cabin door. The scene was indescribable.

By the light of one dim swing lamp he saw the other passengers wildly rushing to and fro, and heard the hoarse voice of the captain calling down the companion ladder for "all to come on deck at once."

He dashed into his cabin once more, seized his watch, purse, a warm pea-jacket, and was about to take some papers and Rosamond's picture, when another shock and a frightful lurch, and the shrill screaming of women, made him return to the saloon.

There was Alice Bevan paralyzed with terror, collapsed and immovable on the floor, deaf to all her sister's entreaties.

Seeing she was nearly crazy with fear he took her by the arm, raised her up, snatching up a pea-jacket, wrapped it round her, and then half dragged, half carried her on deck.

Once there, the most frightful scene met his eyes.

By the ship's lights he discovered that they were lying on rocks and with inky darkness all around them.

The greatest confusion prevailed on all sides—men shouting, women screaming, and everyone struggling to get near the boats.

"Women first!" was the order, and Allan safely, but with great difficulty, placed the two Bevan sisters in the long boat, which was shoved off full.

A shriek from a woman caused him to look round, and there was a woman with two children, one in her arms, one clinging to her dress.

"My Johnny, he's not here, he has never come up from below. Oh, save him! save him! some of you," she screamed, in a perfect frenzy of terror. "I can't go back again with these."

"Where is he?" demanded Allan, promptly.

"In the second-class cabin, left side as you go down; he was after me——"

Allan waited to hear no more, but make his way with desperate difficulty among people fighting their way up, and discovered the lost boy—in a bunk, sound asleep.

As he dragged him out there was another awful lurch, and the ship turned right over on her beam ends, upsetting Allan and the child in two opposite directions; but once more he seized him and made his way to the deck.

The ship lay over, as before stated, on her side, and a sea was making a complete breach over her.

To crawl along on a nearly perpendicular slippery wet deck was a task of no small difficulty, and encumbered with a struggling crying child into the bargain. However, Allan managed it, but only with the greatest, most powerful exertion.

A girl who essayed the same perilous passage between the cabin door and the boat just before him was less fortunate; a tremendous sea broke over just as he was halfway across.

There was a shrill shriek, a flutter of a woman's dress, and she disappeared into death and darkness.

Allan, with the boy clinging now like a limpet round his neck, got a seat in a much crowded boat, crowded to the very water's edge, and shoved off from the fast breaking up "Carmina."

All night long they drifted about, not rowing more than just to keep the boat from swamping, for the chief officer on board believed that they were near land, which they would sight at daybreak.

And all night these wretched people, cold to the bone, wet to the skin, cowered close together, and wished for day; and day dawned at last, and showed them a high rocky, bleak-looking island, about four miles south, from which they had been drifting all night.

Now they commenced to row towards it with renewed energy, and found that its high rocky walls were almost precipitous, but rowing round they discovered a place where they could land with some trouble; and beforehand with them, ready to give them help, was the crew of the long boat, who seemed to have been on the island for some time, and had already lit a fire from the wreckage.

When all had once more set foot on *terra firma*, and climbed, with many cuts and bruises, to the table-land, they found that the survivors numbered forty-one—including four women and one child, the child Allan had rescued.

The vessel in which was his mother and about twenty others had not yet been seen; the captain, too, was missing.

The great thing now was to get dry at the fire, to have something to eat, and to see at once about building a temporary shelter for the women.

A party scrambled down once more to what remained of the wreck.

She was breaking up rapidly; wreckage floated about in all directions, and Allan wisely recommended all that possibly could to be secured and dragged up to the summit, for if a storm came on every article would be dispersed, and, as far as they could judge, they were on an absolutely barren island.

A boat was again manned, and various articles taken in tow, four casks captured with difficulty.

An arm-chair, a table, some spars and rope, and a hencoop were among their harvest; and the other boat, manned by four sailors, followed their example, and the whole hours of daylight were devoted to hard work, rowing about after floating articles, capturing them, landing them, and dragging them up the cliff, for there was a general (but unspoken) feeling that in the work of salvage before them was their only hope escape from starvation.

A kind of tent had been rigged up for the women under the lee of a big rock, and a kind of stew manufactured in a large empty oil tin, which had been among the treasure trove.

This supper thankfully despatched, the crew and passengers lay down on the hard rocky ground with no covering but the sky and, kneeling as close as they could to the fire, passed the first night on what was known afterwards as "Crampton's Reef."

A stiff gale came on at daybreak, and by the time the feeble watery-looking sun had appeared not a trace of the unfortunate "Carmina" remained in sight.

Her mast, which had been a kind of landmark, had disappeared, and all the wreckage blown away to sea; also to the horror of the survivors, both their boats, which had been (as they thought) carefully secured the previous night. Now they were absolutely cut off from all the world, alone on this barren island, and surrounded by a waste of water.

The day was spent very busily. In the first place the rock was explored from end to end.

It was about three miles long, by a mile across at its widest part; there was luckily abundance of water; but the only other thing to be found was quantities of sea-birds nests and eggs, the gannets themselves being so tame that they alighted close to the explorers, never evidently having seen a human being in that part of the world before.

A few of these trusting birds were knocked on the head with sticks, and brought back to the tent to be put in the "pot."

The next piece of work was to erect a long pole on the highest part of the island and to tie a blanket to it, as a signal to any passing ships.

Blankets were rare and precious articles, but this blanket was not grudged, as it might be the means of succoring the whole party.

The captain had been drowned—washed overboard at an early hour after the ship had struck—and the second officer had taken his place, or was about to do so as a kind of leader or governor, but this was objected to by the sailors—a very rough-looking lot—who came forward in a body and declared "that there was no quarter-deck on the island; every man was alike now, one as good as another; that they must share and share the same, and the chap to settle disputes, divide rations, tell off watches to be kept at the flagstaff, was their chum 'Black Jack.'"

And Black Jack, a long-bodied, long-armed, black-bearded man, was duly elected governor of the island; and every one set to work to drag up spars and planks and sail and cordage, to build themselves some kind of shelter.

The carpenter's tool chest was among the salvage—that and a cask of rum, a casks of salt pork, two casks of biscuits, a barrel of damaged flour, a case of wine, two or three mattresses, found floating, a box of candles and some other small articles.

The first thing at which they all labored was a shed for the four women. This was completed in two days, with a window, door and chimney.

The next building was a 'castle,' as it was called, for Black Jack, and a storage for the provisions, and after that everyone was at liberty to build for themselves.

Allan and a young mechanic named Farren agreed to chum together and knocked up a hut that was at least waterproof.

They had, besides, the charge of the boy Johnny—at least Allan had—for he refused altogether to go and live with the women in their shanty.

He was a delicate, skinny-looking little fellow, of about six years old; and Allan, who was quite unaccustomed to children, was at his wit's end what to do with him.

However, love begets love; the child clung to him as he had on the wreck, and could not endure him out of his sight.

He rigged up a kind of cot with planks, and made it quite comfortable, with a mattress of moss and sail-cloth, and he and Farren carved toys of a rude description, which amused their tiny fellow-inmate by the hour.

The living was of a very meagre kind; salt junk and biscuits in small quantities and a modicum of rum, which the two young men exchanged for biscuits and flour for the child.

Farren was quite a born cook, and concocted all kinds of odd but unsavory messes from, as it were, nothing—gannets' eggs, a kind of seaweed, flour, and a little junk.

They would take it in turn to spend the morning collecting eggs, firewood, and killing gannets—the evenings they gathered round their meagre fare and enjoyed their only pleasure, a smoke—or a quantity of tobacco had been washed ashore, and was carefully kept and doled out daily with scrupulous justice by Black Jack himself.

One day was the fac-simile of another.

Hours dragged like days, and days like weeks, and no sign of release, no sign of a sail.

To Allan this delay was maddening, though he stifled his feelings and kept his thoughts to himself.

"What was the use of burdening another fellow with his griefs," he said to himself, and he tried to be cheery and hopeful with Farren, to tell Johnny stories, and amuse him by the hour, and to take an active part in every undertaking for the public weal; in fact, he was most popular with all, from Black Jack himself down to little Johnny; and, needless to say, his handsome face went a long way with the women, who were always pleased to have a visit from Gordon and the little boy, for Allan sometimes took him over to them to have his clothes mended, and thinking, too, that women's voices and faces were good for the wretched little castaway child.

Of all the women Alice Bevan was ever the readiest with her needle and thread, had always some little story or dainty morsel with which to secure a long visit from Johnny, but it was not Johnny's society she prized so much as his friend's.

Every Sunday a kind of service was held in Black Jack's Castle, conducted by a missionary who had been on his way to New Zealand, and every Sunday, after service, Alice Bevan contrived to take a walk down the island hand in hand with Johnny, and, of course, accompanied by Johnny's patron who got to look forward to have walks and to appreciate them, more perhaps than Rosamond would have fancied, not that she need have been jealous in the very faintest degree.

It was because of her he liked to walk and talk with this young woman.

To his starving imagination she had a slight resemblance to her—in her height, in a certain turn of her head, and in her eyes, which was preposterous to anyone but a forlorn prisoner like himself, far away from humanity's reach, letting his mind dwell hour after hour on one idea.

Often at night when all were asleep—when Farren was not merely asleep but snoring and Johnny curled up in his cot like a dog—he would go out alone and pace the island like a madman.

"What would Rosamond think all this time? Would she believe him faithless or dead?"

He would stand with his hands clenched looking on the stars, which seemed nearer and brighter than in our own Northern climes, and telling himself that in another quarter of the globe those very stars were overhead, that self-same slim young moon was shining down on her that was casting its beams on him, that the same light shone on both, and that yet they were thousands of miles apart, and probably separated for ever.

Would he ever leave the island? he asked himself, frantically; or would he be buried in a nameless grave on this bleak rock in mid-ocean, like the sailor who had died last week, and thus pass out of Rosamond's life for ever?

Why had he been born to end his days like this? he demanded fiercely. What good to him were youth, brains, and energy?

What good the brilliant possibility that his solicitors had once hinted at—that a day might come when he, Allan Gordon, the hard-working engineer, would be a peer of the realm?

It was a dim prospect, an off-chance, but still it was a chance, a chance he thought of now with a strange smile that bordered on a sneer.

He would barter all he possessed—he might easily do that, he said to himself, ironically, for now he owned nothing beyond his clothes but his watch, clasp knife, and pipe—he would give ten years of his life to see her for ten minutes, and tell her of his fate.

No one would recognize the distracted Allan of those lonely midnight wanderings in the cheerful, active, ever-busy Allan of every-day life.

He was the mainstay of many, and this he knew, and did all he could to maintain a *role* he was far from feeling.

They had now been six months on the island, and not seen one sail, and chill despair, like chill winter, was creeping in apace.

One of the women had died and been laid in the hollow under the rock beside the sailor and the three survivors were what Black Jack called "tremendously down on their luck," and everyone could see that the one with the black eyes was head over ears in love with young Gordon.

Everyone did see it plainly except young Gordon himself.

He attributed her eagerness for his society her excuses for sending for him when any repairs to the hut were required, her invitations to tea (for the women had tea), her constant waylaying of him, entirely to her interest in little Johnny, who was very weakly and delicate, and often spent whole days in his bunk, and on these occasions Alice would offer to come and sit beside him and amuse him by the hour, but, as a rule, most of her time was taken up in talking to Allan, who was much occupied now in making a kind of rude fishing tackle out nets, as provisions were daily becoming scarcer and scarcer.

The missionary had sounded Allan on the subject of the youngest Miss Bevan, and the elder sister had spoken to him at last quite plainly.

One evening she came over alone and paid him a visit, knowing him to be by himself.

Johnny was asleep, Farren was on watch, and Allan was endeavoring to make a net by the very feeble light of a lump fed with oil made from gannets' skins.

After some desultory conversation Miss Bevan led up to the topic in her mind, as she crouched over the fire and spread her hands near the blaze.

"You are very snug here; you and Farren are handier than most; you make seats, and cots and shelves—far better off than the poor women. I sometimes think we shall be here for life. Isn't it frightful?"

To this suggestion Allan made no reply—only the reply of silence, which is supposed to give consent, and she proceeded—

"One may as well make the best of such life as we have, and make the most of one's time."

"Yes, certainly," returned Allan, with all the spirit he could muster. "Never say die, hope for the best—it's a long lane that has no turning."

"You and Alice seem very good friends. She owes you her life."

"Very good friends—of course we are!" he assented, cheerfully.

"And what I came over to say was this"—Allan raised his eyes and surveyed his visitor critically; something in the tone of her voice startled him a little—"that, if you like to marry her you may. You and she can be married by Mr. Smith all correct, and can live here quite snug. We may be on the island for years; and what's the use of waiting on, and keeping two loving hearts apart?"

In this straightforward manner did Miss Bevan senior bring her sister's suitor, as she considered him, to the point.

Miss Bevan was not a lady, needless to say, and had no delicacy on the subject.

Allan Gordon was a smart young fellow and a gentleman, and Alice never left her alone about him, from morning till night, so this was the result.

Allan gazed at his companion for some seconds in blank incredulity.

Was the woman out of her senses? or was she joking?

No, she appeared to be quite in earnest, and sane.

"Miss Bevan," he said, gravely, surveying her eager and excited face, "you are making a mistake. I am not your sister's suitor. I have never made love to her in my life."

"You have, you have!" she interrupted angrily; "coming once with the child, walking her out, making her boxes and stools."

"And what of that? Do you call that love making? I call it, and so would every one, common ordinary civility to an unfortunate like myself cast on this rock in the middle of the ocean. I have always gone to your hut by invitation—never otherwise. Your sister is no more to me than you are, and I am sure she will tell you so herself." (This was not what Miss Alice had impressed upon the eldest). "To show you how utterly mistaken you are, and how, living here with a life of emptiness, you got wrong ideas in your head, and no wonder, I will tell you that I am a married man, and have a wife, God bless her, in England at this moment."

"A wife! married!—you!" ejaculated Miss Bevan, in a tone of consternation. "Well, I declare! You might have said so before."

"Why? I see no reason for discussing one's private affairs; and surely starving creatures, barely keeping soul and body together like us, have no time nor wish for thinking of such things as marrying and giving in marriage."

"I don't believe you are married one bit," said his companion, decisively, now surveying him with her chin in her hand. "It's a put off, and an excuse. You don't look married."

"Well, then, I'll show you her photo. Will that content you?" said Allan, with a smile, endeavoring to make the best of this very unpleasant situation. "Here," he continued drawing forth a large gold locket, "is a picture of Mrs. Gordon," opening it, and laying it in Miss Bevan's skinny hand, and with an air of such pride and affection that it carried conviction to that person's small, stony heart.

She bent down to the fire, and holding it to the blaze gazed at it for fully five minutes before she spoke, and then she said crossly and with a kind of sniff—

"Why, she's only a girl! She looks about sixteen."

"She is more than that," returned Allan, civilly.

"How came she ever to let you go away from her?"

"I had to come, it could not be helped," with a sigh.

Miss Bevan who at first had had visions of dropping the picture into the heart of the flames, was melted by the lovely guileless face in her hand—a face so young and yet so sad, it seemed to her, and glancing up she saw a yet sadder face bent on the fire—the face of the girl's husband; and she herself, who had come, as it were, to curse, went away blessing, in her own fashion, this unfortunate young couple—so young, so handsome, and separated for life!

This girl in the picture was a lady, was of a different type to her buxom Alice, might be a countess by her looks, but there was something in her expression that drew her towards her irresistibly—a kind of watching waiting look.

Aye, she might watch and she might wait for years and years, but it was not likely that she would ever set eyes on him for whom she was looking.

Miss Bevan raised herself up at last, and handed back the locket saying—

"Well, I can't help being sorry for you and her. I'll tell Alice, and we will think no more about it. It's not likely you'd have room for another in your mind beside her," pointing to the treasure in his hand; "and now I'll be going."

Over the scene when she reached her own cabin, and related the history of the locket to her sister, we drop a veil, and for many days and many Sundays Allan gave the abode of the Misses Bevan, as the sailors remarked, "a wide berth," though he helped as assiduously as ever to kill gannets, gather moss, and eggs, and seaweed for their benefit, and it was generally believed by the circle on the island that the young woman with the black hair and big eyes was rather touched in the top storey, "wanted some rigging," and so she did, and this was partly the secret of her extraordinary and persistent infatuation for Allan.

The winter came on, and the whole island was buried in snow.

The hardships of the survivors of the "Carmina" were awful.

Only for their forethought in saving some junk and biscuits for this contingency they must have starved.

There they lived week after week, scarcely stirring from their smoky little cabins, shivering and crouching over their handful of fire, and scarcely having the energy to keep themselves alive.

Only that the tea and tobacco still held out they would have wished themselves dead twenty times a day; as it was, they were now several long months side by side under the rock in the hollow.

CHAPTER VIII.

EIGHTEEN months had passed, and still the wretched survivors of the "Carmina" were living—if living it could be called—on the island.

The provisions of all kinds had long given out, a few bottles of rum, buried under "Black Jack's" castle, and only used in time of illness, was all that remained.

Gannets were the staple food, and very bad and rancid and fishy they were!

But starving people must not be particular.

Gannet skins were used for fuel after the oil had been pressed out of them, so that this bird afforded meat, and light, and also fire.

It was feared that, ere long, even gannets would be scarce, if they did not altogether cease—the island that had been so fatal to tens of thousands of their breed; and if this came to pass, our shipwrecked people would find themselves and death at last face to face.

One of their number after another had stolen away—little Johnny, who had lingered through two terrible winters, and then died saying his prayers in Allan's arms, and Allan had felt his death very acutely.

One of the women was dead, and now the Bevans had their hut to themselves, and only twenty survived of the original party, who had reached the reef more than two years previously.

There had been passing sails and, oh! what hopes hung upon them, strained eyes, what agonized hearts, had watched them fading out of sight!

"You see," as Black Jack remarked, "we are right blown away here out of the track of ships, and our only chance is a whaler looking for water; and this bit of rock, with no landing, ain't a likely place. However, I feel as if we should be found yet!"

"Yes, our bones!" said Miss Bevan hysterically.

Miss Bevan, whom hardships, cold, and privation had altered into an old hag, and her sister Alice, who was more wild and eccentric every day of her life, looked more like a mad woman than anything else.

Indeed, these years had told on them all, including Allan, who was one of the toughest and hardiest of the whole party.

He was thin and weather-beaten, and hopeless-looking now, and his hair on his temples was sprinkled with grey, and yet he was not twenty-eight years of age!

"Black Jack's" prediction came true at last.

A boat, belonging to a whaling ship came ashore, looking for water early one morning, almost before the inhabitants were astir.

Supposing she had passed them, supposing the sailors had filled their casks, and calmly rowed away—but, no—they were much surprised to see a troop of wild, famished-looking people, flocking down to them with outstretched arms, and cries of delight.

In a few moments they had heard the whole story, related laconically by "Black Jack," and had ejaculated repeatedly and blessed their stars over and over again, had commiserated their miserable countrymen; and, rowing back to their ship, landed their captain among those starving castaways.

The ship was a small one, a whaler, who had had "no luck" so far, and their own provisions were scanty enough.

However, he would take off ten, and they might draw lots, and he would leave some biscuits and a little salt pork with the others and tell the first ship he met of their whereabouts. He could not say fairer than that!

And so all gladly agreed, and the great business of drawing lots was arranged and conducted by the captain and Black Jack.

Twenty pieces of paper with the numbers were tossed up in the captain's hat, and everyone took their chance alike.

Miss Bevan drew a number, so did Allan but both Alice and Black Jack drew blanks and Alice cast herself down on the beach in a frenzy, and exclaimed that she would kill herself if they did not take her!

But the captain could make no exception; if he took her he must take all.

Would anyone be her substitute? Would anyone give her his place?

Yes. After a terrible battle with himself in the midst of a dead silence, Allan came forward and tendered his number for her.

"He could better wait than she could," he told himself, decidedly. "She would lose all the few senses she had left if she stood on the beach and saw the boat go off without her."

And he calmly took her place, and saw the whale boat carry away ten of his companions, including the two Bevans, the younger of whom was laughing and singing hysterically; and, would it be believed, that in the flurry and joy and departure, neither of them had either said one word of thanks, or even bade him farewell!

Truly, in his case, "virtue must be its own reward."

And as he stood on the highest point of the island, and watched the sails of the whaler out of sight, I am not very sure that he found it a very satisfying consolation.

* * * * *

But their relief was coming! In two months' time Black Jack, Allan, and eight men, were taken off that hateful rock in their turn, and brought, as it were, back from the dead once more.

They were transferred on board a steamer bound for Singapore, and there eventually landed.

Allan found himself in the Straits Settlement without a friend, with a few sovereigns in his pocket, and in rags; and, more than that, a fever, the result of exposure and hardship, seized upon his iron frame at last, and kept him in the hospital at Singapore from the day he landed for fully three months.

He was raving and delirious most of the time, and was nearer leaving his bones in the Straits than he had ever been in that far away desolate island.

He raved of Rosamond, of Johnny, of Black Jack, and of the gannets, and more than once his attendants believed that they had to deal with a bona fide madman. But he recovered, and in time tottered down to the wharf, and took a steerage passage home in one of the Chinese liners, landing in London Docks nearly four years since the day he had steamed out of Southampton Water in the P. and O. steamer "Carthage."

The voyage home had set him up, and he was almost quite himself again in health,

but greatly changed in appearance, as he made a call upon his old employers, and told them his extraordinary tale.

At first they failed to recognise him, but soon his knowledge of their affairs, and various plans he referred to with which he had had to do, convinced them that this was the very Allan Gordon they had sent to Melbourne, nearly four years previously.

The "Carmina" was lost, and the insurance paid up by the underwriters ages ago, and here was one of the supposed drowned passengers arriving back to life, as it were, after a lapse of years.

It was extraordinary! It was like a story, it was romantic!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Primroses.

BY HARTLEY RICHARDS.

"THERE!" said my aged guide. "Yon is the picture." A moment before the west had been heavy with ominous stormclouds, but suddenly the sunlight streamed in through the narrow painted windows, flecking the marble pave of the corridor with beams of molten fire, as it glanced over rusty armor and ancient implements of warfare that hung suspended from the old walls. He had paused before a dark oak panel, and looking up, I beheld smiling upon me from a frame of tarnished gilt, a charming face of youthful bloom, lit by great fathomless eyes, and shaded by locks of silken chestnut hair, confined just above the low brow by a fillet of milky pearls. A richly embroidered vest but half concealed the dimpled shoulders, and the fair perfect hands clasped lovingly a bunch of snowy primroses, half hidden in a cluster of pale-green leaves. "Beautiful! marvelously beautiful!" I exclaimed, my artist soul enraptured with the heavenly coloring and delicate tints. "None but the hand of a master could have executed such a work."

A sound like a low sob fell upon my ear, and turning in amazement I beheld the face of my companion convulsed with a strange still grief that seemed too deep almost for utterance; but even as I gazed the lips settled back into their wonted calm, as if no tremor had ever disturbed them, and her hands that had grasped each other convulsively, fell again at her side in the old listless fashion.

"Yes," she answered, her low monotonous voice breaking on my ear like an echo from the past, "he was master of his art. He stole the tints from skies and blossoms, and blended them into beautiful things, with all the cunning of his wondrous imagery. And his voice made subtile music in the heart, the sweet, false voice as pleasant to the ear as his pictures to the eye."

I was but a poor obscure artist, struggling hard for my daily bread, and gazing up at the pictured countenance, a sense of joy swelled my heart almost to bursting, for here was the very face that had long haunted me in my dreams, luring me almost to frenzy by its loveliness, yet becoming naught but vague shadow when I strove to transfer its charms to canvas.

"Thank Heaven!" I murmured, devoutly, "and the gathering storm, that sent me to this old retreat for shelter. Nowhere on earth could I find a fairer subject for my 'Daphne.' Next year Paris shall gaze on the work of my hands, and fame and fortune shall be mine without stint."

My words must have reached the ear of my guide, for her form, bent by the burden of years, suddenly straightened into stately mien, and her sunken orbs lit into quick radiance, but as before the change was only momentary.

"No," she repeated, with a weary gesture "no! why should I care? the time for that is past. Her dear form has long since moldered into dust, and when the turf lies green above my tired heart, no human eye will come to gaze on her beautiful image. Young sir, you may have your will."

With eager hand I grasped my pencil, and commenced to outline the perfect features, the dainty curve of the chin, the dark arch of the brow; the exquisite tints of bloom must be left to memory and inspiration. My companion gazed on my task with a cold smile.

"You work just as he worked before you," she said, slowly.

"He? Who?" I questioned vaguely, hastily shadowing the careless tresses confined by the pearl fillet.

"The stranger."

Something in her tone made me pause, and laying down my pencil I turned with sudden unaccountable impulse.

"Tell me of her," I demanded; "she must have been good as well as beautiful, or she would never have clasped so lovingly those pure snowy spring blossoms."

My companion seemed to have forgotten my presence. Her eyes were gazing intently into those smiling down from the panel; pictured eyes that would never know a shadow of pain in their dark depths, while the human ones were full of a dumb pleading anguish.

"Yes," the aged voice went on as if in self-communion, "her heart was as pure as the flowers, the white primroses that she loved with a strange superstition. She was a child of the North, yet her early years were passed beneath the sunny skies of Italy, where both her parents lay sleeping; and none of its daughters were so fair as she in her young innocent girlhood. Once, when the fervid glow of a southern sunset was flooding earth and water with magic splendor, she met the cold English milord, who forgot for once his stately hauteur as he gazed on her loveliness. She, dear heart, gazed too, and wondered, fascinated to see his stern features relax into sudden light and warmth. The dream lingered in her eyes long after his form was lost to view in the crowd, and from that moment she became a new creature.

"There were other sunsets (Nature is prodigal of her gifts in Italy); other meetings, and love came to them under the balmy starlit skies. What wonder then that she went back to the far England as his bride; and with her went one, a sallow black-haired girl, whom she had found starving on the steps of a stately cathedral, cold, in a land of warmth and sunshine, homeless, amid a joyous, eager crowd. She had filled the hitherto forlorn life with new youth and beauty, and lifted the stumbling feet into happier paths, until the famished heart grew to worship her as one might worship some fair saint. That girl was myself.

"'I will see my own pure blossoms again Bebe,' she cried gayly. 'My English primroses will be fairer than ever to me, for I will view them through the eyes of love.'

"When she reached her new home her innocent desire was gratified.

"For one short year her life was full of happiness. Then a shadow crept into her beautiful eyes, the song died on her lips, and she drooped like a frail plant in some unfriendly clime. My jealous eyes noted it all; the frequent absence and growing indifference of my lord; the treasure that once his own was rendered valueless by possession; the poor young heart whose love and caresses were alike unheeded.

"One morning her husband sought her in the gardens. A smile came to her lips for the first time in days, but faded quickly when she heard his words. A stranger was coming among us; a distant relative of the master's, who had become impoverished during the wars, and claimed aid from the hands of his kinsman.

"'I care but little,' my lord concluded, 'for I must away to London on the morrow, and it may be months before I return.'

"He saw the rose leave my lady's cheek, but he turned away, and an hour later had already commenced his journey. The next week saw the young stranger with us, and he and my lady soon became fast friends. He was slight, graceful, young, with a voice of perfect melody, and his hand was very skilful with the brush. When he looked at my lady his handsome eyes grew dangerously soft and tender, and she would start and tremble at the sound of his footsteps, whereat my heart grew heavy with fear.

"Once he was seized with an inspiration to paint her portrait, and she consented.

"'Put on the dress in which I first beheld you,' he whispered; 'you will look fairest in that.' So she donned the broidered vest, bound up her flowing tresses, filled her hands with white primroses, and this is the picture he painted. After that the months sped on, and still the master came out. As the days passed my heart grew heavier. She trembled no more at his step, but welcomed him with the old smile, that still was different. Winter lapsed into spring, but still my lord came not.

"One evening I wandered down a path searching vainly for my lady, for the dews were falling and she was but thinly clad for one so delicately natured. At the end of the glade I saw them, his dark head bent till it touched her fairer one, and I could hear the tones of his voice.

"'Fly with me,' he pleaded; 'your husband loves you not. I will love you, for you are more than Heaven to me. Promise me this.' For answer my lady wept, but said not a word.

"'Promise me,' he urged. 'I will wait you to-night just beyond the wood, and my powerful steed can carry us both, for your frame is but slight. Do not disappoint me and my love.'

"Their footsteps were approaching, so I sped cautiously back, and seeking her apartment threw myself on a low velvet couch, trying in vain to quiet my throbbing heart.

"After a time I must have slept, for I forgot all sense of trouble in a dreamy, delicious calm that lulled my weary frame to repose. When I awoke the lambent rays of a perfumed lamp played about me, revealing my lady standing at the casement, looking out wistfully into the night. At my first movements she turned.

"'Faithful heart,' she said, lovingly, 'you are worn with watching. What would you do if I should die, or go to other lands where—' The words froze on her lips, for looking into my white face, she realized that I knew the truth.

"'Bebe,' she moaned, and put up her hands to hide the conscious blush that stained neck and cheek crimson.

"'Oh, madame,' I pleaded, 'do not this thing. For the love of Heaven and your proud name, do not this thing.'

"But, Bebe, my husband loves me not, she answered, in such a tone of hopeless sadness that I wept for very pity, and a woman's heart craves affection.

"'Oh, madame,' I repeated, grasping the hem of her rich silken robe, 'remember the first day that we spent in these sweet English gardens. How you plucked the white blossoms of the primrose, and pressing them to your lips, said "Bebe, if the day should ever come when my hands were not pure, I could never touch these unsullied petals. They will always act as a charm to keep my heart free from sin."'

"My lady had turned her face to the shadow, and I fancied she was weeping. In my despair a sudden inspiration came to me.

"With hasty steps I went out and gathered a spray, pale leaves and all yet wet with jeweled dew-drops that sparkled in the moonbeams.

"I knew why she loved them so. Her mother in her last slumber pressed them in her dumb waxen fingers.

"My lady still stood in the casement, and with silent appeal I put them in her cold hands.

"'You saved me once,' I said, pitifully; 'I would that I could save you.' Suddenly a dazzling light flashed out from the eyes that were dearer to me than any on the earth.

"'Life without love is hard, my Bebe,' she murmured, 'but love with sin is infinitely harder.

"'Henceforth he shall be but a stranger to me. Heaven forgive my lord for his cruelty and neglect.'

"'If I mistake not, he even now awaits you,' I cried, joyously. 'Let me carry your message.'

"With light heart I left her, and sought the edge of the wood, where stood a sable steed of great strength and swiftness. The stranger's hand was on the rein, and he called out softly, 'My love, is it thou?' But when he heard my words he waxed furious and mounting the fiery horse, dashed away, leaving me alone with the night. And still my lord came not.

* * * * * * *

"One eve I found my lady lying on a couch, the withered blossoms in her white fingers.

"'See, Bebe,' she said, in a new voice, 'my hands are pure enough even to touch God's sinless flowers. Leave me awhile, for I would summon strength to meet my husband.'

"I obeyed, and when an hour later I entered to perform some trifling service, the fairest petals were no purer and sweeter than the tranquil face that lay on the satin pillow.

"And that night my lord came; came in remorse and repentance to renew his broken vows; but he found the vase shattered, the perfume gone, the long suffering heart—clay.

"Long he raved, but vainly; and he finally died abroad, the title falling to the next of kin.

"That was many years ago, and I have lived to see two generations born and pass away, and yet the picture hangs in the oak panel."

My pencil lay on the floor; the half-finished head awaited completion, but it waited in vain.

I gazed again at the perfect features painted with such consummate skill, and thence to the aged face so very full of pathetic patience.

"It will not be long before the shadows roll away," I said, involuntarily, catching a gleam of crimson light from the sunlit west that fell on her silver hair and furrowed brow like a halo.

"It will not be long," she repeated, a beautiful smile on her faded lips.

"The storm is over," a servant announced. "The gentleman's horse is ready.' Following him back through the stately apartments, I gained the porch, and mounting, rode away as in a dream, leaving the old ivy-grown turret far behind me.

In Rome I found a dark-eyed peasant-girl who for a small consideration sat to me and whose form transferred to canvas as "Daphne," brought me the desired fame and fortune.

I never pass through the streets of London and see the rosy-cheeked lassies with their baskets of fragrant primroses, that I do not recall to mind the beautiful pearl-bound tresses shading the wondrous eyes, and the painted hands that still clasp in loving embrace the sweetest flowers God ever sent to bloom.

PROVERBS.—Following are some of the proverbs sent to a London paper in response to its advertisement for original specimens: A while lie often makes a black story. It's a poor musician who can't blow his own trumpet. He who would eat the egg, must first break the shell. Ever back has its pack. The man who wishes to continue believing in his friends should never put them to the proof. Pens and ink out of reach avoid many a breach. Look after your wife; never mind yourself, she'll look after you. The present is the child of the past and the parent of the future. The want money is the root of much evil. Egotism is an alphabet with one letter. If you'd know a man's character, follow him home. Better a line of sense than a page of nonsense. Men love women; women love a man. The surest road to honor is to deserve it. Only whisper scandal and its echo is heard by all. It's not the clock with the loud tick that goes the best. Sighs are poor things to fly with. Home is the rainbow of life. Don't complain of the baker until you have tasted his bread. They who live in a worry, invite death to hurry. When girls grow fond, the men abscond, etc.

To devote one's main energies to the lighter part of existence, to become absorbed in amusements, or social pleasures, or dress, display, to the exclusion of the grand thoughts and purposes of life, betrays a shallow character that never reaches below the surface of things. He who lives a rounded life is not he who despises trifles, still less is it he who dwells in them, but he who, looking upon life in its wholeness, give to each of its parts due respect and attention. He is too thoughtful to be frivolous, too earnest to be paltry, yet he "Thinks naught a trifle, though it small appear. Small sands make the mountain, moments make the year and trifles life."

"ENGINEER, is that boiler perfectly safe?" asked an apprehensive passenger, glancing at the machinery suspiciously. "Perfectly," said the engineer. "How do you know?" "Easiest thing in the world," he returned. "I plugged up the first crack in it last week myself, and the new crack ain't more'n two days old."

Bric-a-Brac.

SERPENT'S POISON.—The poison of serpents is secreted by two glands above the upper jaw, and conveyed to a tooth, which the animal can erect or depress at will.

THE SUNFLOWER.—A correspondent who writes of a stroll in an old-fashioned flower garden, says: "The sunflower, so prolific and hardy, has unwittingly once served the purpose of a guide across this continent. It is said that the Mormons on their journey from Nauvoo to Utah, marked their trail for those who were to follow by planting sunflowers along the route.

A BULL-FIGHT.—The scale of prices for admission to a bull-fight in Mexico is regulated by which side of the grounds the sun happens to be. Thus, at a recent exhibition near the City of Mexico, the following scale was charged: Boxes in the shade, to hold eight, $8; half boxes in the shade, to hold eight, $4; general admission (shady side), ninety-nine cents; general admission (sunny side), thirty-seven and one half cents.

COST OF BOOKS.—Of course, long before the discovery of printing the cost of books was enormous. In the year 1274 the cost of a Bible, in nine volumes, fairly written, with a glossary or commentary, was $3200 according to the value of present coinage. In 1433 the cost of transcribing the works of Nicholas de Lira, to be chained in the library of Grey Friars Monastery, London, was $7000 of our money.

WONDERFUL MECHANISM.—An automaton exhibited in London in 1883 represented a man mounted on a small frame. On putting into an orifice in the frame any one of the numerous metallic cards which lay about with questions inscribed on them, the figure, after making you a bow, struck with his rod a little door, which opened, and there was the answer printed on another card. The reply given was always strictly appropriate to the question, and was not of a more general character, like the answers on conversation cards.

PLATINUM.—Platinum resembles gold and silver in many of its qualities; being indestructible as gold, hard as iron, in color resembling silver, and extremely ductile and tenacious. Gold has been drawn into wire of which 550 feet only weighed a grain and which is 1-5000th of an inch in diameter but platinum has been made into a wire of only one-sixth of the diameter. Platinum is a metal but recently discovered, not having been known earlier than the eighteenth century. The principal supply comes from South America, but Russia draws large quantities of it from mines in the Ural mountains. There was a coinage of platinum money in Russia, but it is now called in.

EARTHQUAKES AND ANIMALS.—In countries where earthquakes are common, it is said that animals give warning of the coming danger. Some minutes before the shock is felt oxen and cows begin to bellow, sheep and goats bleat loudly, and dogs howl. Horses in the stalls leap up and down, trying to break their halters, while those on the road stop suddenly, and snort in a strange way. Rabbits and moles have been seen to leave their holes, and fishes approach the shore. When the great earthquake occurred in the island of Ischia about a year ago, some people who were asleep were enabled to save their lives by being pulled by their dogs, who barked wildly just before the shock took place.

LORD PALMERSTON'S REPLY.—While electioneering at Tiverton, England, Lord Palmerston was greatly bored by a Radical butcher who wished him to support a certain Radical policy. Once, at the end of one of Lord Palmerston's speeches, the butcher called out, "Lord Palmerston, will you give me a plain answer to a plain question?" After a slight pause, Lord Palmerston replied, 'I will." The butcher then asked him, "Will you or will you not support this measure?"—a Radical bill. Lord Palmerston hesitated, and then, with a twinkle in his eye, replied, "I will——" Immediately the Radicals cheered tremendously. "Not ——" Tremendous Conservative cheers. When these ceased, Lord Palmerston then finished his sentence with these words—"Tell you," and immediately retired.

THE OLD HERO.—There is a beautiful story of an old elephant engaged in a battle on the plains of India. He was a standard-bearer, and carried on his back the royal ensign, the rallying point of the Poona host. At the beginning of the fight he lost his master. The "mahout," or driver, had just given him the word to halt, when he received a fatal wound, and fell to the ground, where he lay in a heap of slain. The obedient elephant stood still while the battle closed round him and the standard he carried. He never stirred a foot, refusing to advance or retire, as the conflict became hotter and fiercer, until the Mahrattas, seeing the standard still flying steadily in its place, refused to believe that they were being beaten, and rallied again and again round the colors. And all this while, amid the din of battle, the patient animal stood straining its ears to catch the sound of that voice it would never hear again. At length the tide of conquest left the field deserted. Mahrattas swept on in pursuit of the flying foe, but the elephant, like a rock, stood there, with the dead and dying around, and the ensign waving in its place. For three days and nights it remained where its master had given the command to halt. No bribe nor threat could move it. They then sent to a village, one hundred miles away, and brought the mahout's little son. The noble hero seemed then to remember how the driver had sometimes given his authority to the little child, and immediately, with all the shattered trappings clanging as he went, paced quietly and slowly away.

IDLE WORDS.

BY E. C. S.

Oh, idle words!
Why will ye never die,
But float forever in the sky,
Dimming the stars that shine in memory,
Destroying hope, and causing love from earth to flee,
Ill-omened birds.

O, idle words!
Preying upon the heart,
Leaving with wounds a deadly smart:
Expiring breath that taints the very air,
Will ye forever leave your victims to despair?
Ill-omened birds.

Oh, idle words!
How many are the tears
That ye have caused to flow; the fears
Ye have begot and made to mountains grow,
Crushing the innocent beneath a weight of woe,
Ill-omened birds.

Oh, idle words!
Your flight is ever on,
In heaven darkening the sun;
By weary journeyings without delay,
To wend your dreary way until the judgment-day,
Ill-omened birds.

A FATAL DOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "ROBIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII—(CONTINUED.)

THE gray wintry dawn broke slowly over the sea on the morning after the fancy-ball, and the first pallid rays of daylight fell upon Sidney Daunt's white face as she sat by the window in her bedroom, looking out at the still gray scene before her.

The Parade was deserted, the tide was low, and a chill wind came up from the sea, which seemed to blend with the sky in the gray distance.

Slowly above that gray, almost leaden-hued line the day broke, as if unwilling to face its duties and responsibilities.

Presently a yellow gleam and a faint rosate hue appeared.

Then, as if taking courage, suddenly the sun rose in the east, and the gray sky became one blaze of golden glory, which rested faintly on the beautiful pale face leaning against the glass, as if with a promise of brighter things to come when "the darkest hour before the dawn" should have passed away.

And for Sidney Daunt that darkest hour was at hand.

On her return from the Pavilion she had caused herself to be undressed, and had even gone to bed to set Bessie's anxiety at rest.

As soon as the old nurse had left her, she had risen, and, wrapping herself in a large warm dressing-gown, had waited for the day.

A strange calm was upon her.

The nervousness and dread which had dressed her so greatly during her convalescence had disappeared.

She was quite composed and collected, every sense was keen and quick, her nerves were strung to their utmost tension, one thought, one ruling wish in her mind—to go to Stephen, to warn—perhaps to save—him from the doom which threatened him.

After the terrible paroxysm of dread which had seized her when she left the ball-room, and which she struggled against vainly during her short drive home, was over, she seemed conscious of one thing only—Stephen was in great danger, and she must warn him and save him, if possible.

For this purpose it would be necessary for her to be strong, she thought.

She must not let herself be overpowered with weakness or exhaustion before her work was done.

And, sitting in the solitude of her own room, she fought desperately against the burning tears which rose to her eyes, and which it would have been such a relief to let fall.

They would only weaken and unnerve her, she thought, as she forced them back and moved restlessly about the room—restlessly—for, if it was necessary for her to be strong, it was equally important for her to be secret.

No one must suspect what her motive was for going to Stephen.

Her maid had brought her some hot soup on the previous night, on her return from the ball.

To Bessie's satisfaction, she drank it all and took some wine also.

When she had been alone and the temptation seized her to walk about in her restlessness, she would not yield to it—she needed all her strength, and she must husband it for the purpose she had in view.

Crouching by the fire, she made her plans.

She would leave a note for Dolly to prevent her being anxious, and the first train in the morning should take her to London, and then she would get a train for Ashford.

However early she left home, and however accommodating the trains might be, she could not reach Ashford before dusk.

It was a terrible thought that so many long hours must elapse, and that so much might happen during them.

Once the thought of telegraphing to Stephen flashed across her.

She did not entertain it for a few moments.

She dared not telegraph, she dared not trust any medium of communication between herself and her husband in this terrible strait.

There was but one course open to her, and she must follow it.

She must go at once to Easthorpe, keeping her arrival there, if possible, a secret, and she must prevail upon her husband to fly from the punishment which threatened him.

It was a foolish—nay, a mad project, born of a confused brain reeling with terror and distress, and one which could have arisen only in the mind of a poor weak woman half distraught with anguish and distress.

Through it all, too, Sidney was painfully conscious of her own weakness.

She knew that such a journey, undertaken alone and in such weather, was an almost impossible undertaking for a delicate woman who the previous day could not have walked half a mile, and who could hardly bear a sudden noise without fainting.

She felt that she would find strength enough for her purpose, no matter at what cost.

Presently she heard the carriages rolling homewards from the ball, and Dolly's return.

Agnes Burton was staying in the house; but Jessie had gone home with Lady Agnes and her brothers.

With all her senses sharpened and quickened, she heard them come quietly upstairs and the low hushed tones in which they spoke, not to disturb Sidney.

There was a soft laugh or two, doors softly closed, and then all was very quiet again.

The night wore on.

Gradually the noise of the rolling carriages died away, and a great solemn stillness reigned over the town.

Under Sidney's windows the Parade was silent and deserted, the lamps were burning brightly in long straight rows.

In the earlier part of the night there was the monotonous plash of the wavelets upon the beach.

But soon that died away as the tide receded, and all was still.

All through the night-hours Sidney sat, waiting for the coming dawn, still and motionless in the window-seat, wrapped in her warm gown.

She was too absorbed to feel the cold or to be nervous at the intense stillness.

Once or twice she started and shivered as the monotonous heavy step of the policeman going his rounds struck upon her ear, but otherwise she sat motionless.

When the day dawned, and the golden glory of the morning filled the sky, she rose, and, leaving the window, began to dress.

It was rather a slow process—for Sidney had grown unaccustomed to dispense with the services of a maid, and her little fingers had lost their old deftness; but she managed fairly well.

When Mason came with the morning cup of tea, she was startled and surprised to see her mistress up and dressed, sitting quietly reading.

As the maid entered, Sidney put aside her book and looked up with a very sweet smile.

"Are you surprised, Mason?" she said lightly.

"I feel so much better and stronger this morning that I am going up to London by the early train.

"I have some business there. Will you tell them to get me some breakfast at once and bring it up here?"

"Am I to go with you, ma'am?" asked Mason, who was too well drilled a servant to show the astonishment she felt.

"No; I am going alone. Do not disturb Mrs. Sandys," Sidney added hastily, feeling that she could not face Bessie's remonstrances.

Mason went away, puzzled and bewildered, to apprise the sleepy household of her mistress's intention.

Strive as hard as she might, Sidney's attempt at breakfast was a failure.

She forced herself to drink some tea; but she could not eat.

She felt as if every morsel must choke her, and finally, giving up the attempt, she told Mason to order a cab.

"One of the men can go with me to the station," she said quietly, as Mason put on her long sealskin coat.

"I have left a note for Miss Daunt. Do not let her be disturbed—wait till she rings. She must be tired after last night."

"Are you sure you can go alone, ma'am?" Mason said gently, seeing how pale her mistress looked.

Sidney forced a smile as she took her gloves and and answered with an effort—

"Oh, yes; I be shall met to London!"

It was only when she was in the train on her way to London that Sidney fully realized the difficulties in her way, and how weak and feeble she was to cope with them.

The train was a full one, and among the many gentlemen hurrying up to town to their business Sidney dreaded to see some face she knew—some one who would recognize her and comment upon her early journey to town.

Thickly veiled as she was, more than one of her fellow-travelers cast quick curious glances at the graceful woman in her sealskin and furs who sat so quietly in her corner, her hands linked together in her muff, her beautiful shining eyes gleaming through her thick veil.

But no one recognized her, and she felt that her greatest danger of recognition was over now.

She was strangely frightened and helpless in the bustle and confusion of the arrival at the London station.

At last a friendly porter took pity on the shrinking, trembling little figure, and got a cab for her, and was the richer by a munificent tip for his civility.

The train from Brighton had been somewhat late in arrival, and there was a thick fog hanging over London, so that the drive to Paddington Station was a long and tedious one.

Shivering in the corner of the comfortless four-wheeler, Sidney trembled at the delay, fearing she would lose the train for Ashford.

There was no help for it.

The cabman did his best; but progress was necessarily slow, and it was with a sinking heart that Sidney glanced at her watch on arriving at Paddington and saw that it was eleven o'clock.

"The train for Ashford has just gone, ma'am," said the porter who came up to open the door of the cab.

"There is another at 12-10."

Faint and sick with disappointment and anxiety, Sidney made her way to the waiting-room, and with a long despairing sigh sank down on one of the cushioned seats.

An hour and ten minutes wasted there waiting for the train!

Oh, it was terrible!

Meanwhile Stephen might be in danger, and she would reach Easthorpe too late to warn him, too late to save him.

Oh, it was terrible, she thought wildly, terrible beyond all words.

And she was very powerless, so hopeless!

She could have cried out loud in her anguish, and there was an hysterical lump in her throat which she could not get rid of, and which made her fear that her strength was giving way already.

Leaving the waiting-room, which was warm, even close, from the blazing fire and number of waiting travelers, she went out on to the platform and sat down wearily on one of the benches, pushing up her veil for a moment to let the cold keen air blow on her burning face and aching eyes, and looking wistfully at the clock.

How slowly the hands moved!

The minutes seemed hours to her in her anxiety.

A newspaper-boy came to offer newspapers.

She shook her head. She dared not buy a paper, lest she should see what she dreaded in it.

She dared not chance it, knowing that her strength would not be equal to the great shock.

If once the hope of being useful to Stephen deserted her, she felt that her strength would fail her.

It was this hope which was bearing her up now, strengthening the weak limbs, nerving her to the task she had set herself to perform.

One or two gentlemen glanced at the beautiful pale face of the weary-looking woman as they sauntered up and down the platform.

Rather nervously, Sidney pulled down her veil again, and went back to the waiting-room.

Train after train came in with freights of luggage-porters hurried hither and thither.

The cabs drove off loaded, or dashed up to the station with tardy travelers.

The trains left the station which Sidney looked after longingly, wishing the time would pass, and struggling against her anxiety and suspense as best she could.

How slowly the time went by!

The minutes were leaden-footed and crept along, the hours were laggards and would not pass.

Would twelve o'clock never come?

Why, it would be night when she got to Ashford—too late for anything, too late for Stephen to make preparations, too late for safety!

Twelve o'clock came at last, and, with a sigh of relief which was almost a sob, Sidney rose and left the waiting-room.

She was trembling so much that she could hardly steady her voice sufficiently to ask for her ticket, and she fancied that the booking-clerk looked at her suspiciously as he asked her hurriedly whether she wanted a return or a single ticket.

She had to repeat her answer twice before she made him understand that she wanted a single ticket, and she wondered if he noticed how her fingers were trembling as she took up the ticket.

It was an intense relief to find herself at last alone in a carriage and the train on the point of departure.

She had to change twice, the guard told her, and she would have a long wait at one of the stations.

But she was on her way at last—at last!

It began to snow soon after they left the outskirts of London.

As the day wore on, it came down more and more thickly.

At Bishopstown, where Sidney had to wait, the snow lay thickly on the station roofs and on the surrounding country, and her heart sank with fear as she thought that the train might be delayed by snow-drifts, and that she would not reach her destination that night.

She was cold and weary and faint; but she never thought of obtaining any refreshment, although Bishopstown station was a large one and there was a refreshment-room to which most of the passengers hastened as soon as they left the train. Sidney sat by the waiting-room window, longing to go on her way once more.

The train came up, its red lights gleaming, its carriage-roofs white with snow.

Sidney hastened, as fast as her trembling limbs would allow her, to the nearest carriage, and got in stumblingly and awkwardly in her agitation.

One gentleman was its occupant; he was leaning back in one corner of the carriage, his coat well pulled up about his ears, and he was reading by the light of a little traveling-lamp, which threw its light upon his book, and upon the grave, handsome, rather worn face.

He did not glance up from his book as Sidney got into the compartment of which he had been sole possessor.

Apparently his fellow-traveler had no interest for him.

It was only when the door had been shut and the train was once more on its way that Sidney glanced over at the quiet absorbed face, and then a little cry—half of joy, half of fear—broke from her.

She held out both her little trembling hands towards him, uttering his name—"Stephen!"—and then sank forward, half swooning, half sobbing, at his feet.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FOr a moment Stephen Daunt was so overcome with surprise at the unexpected appearance of his wife that, without moving, he stared at her over his book, half uncertain whether he was not dreaming, whether he had not fallen asleep in the carriage and conjured up the beautiful pale face of the woman who was rarely absent from his thoughts.

The surprise was only momentary, and gave place to alarm as he saw how terribly agitated she was, how the little trembling hands clung to him for a moment and then fell away in their weakness, how the slender form quivered and shook like one stricken and wounded unto death.

Stephen Daunt had all a man's—and an Englishman's—horror of scenes, and since his marriage he had had enough and to spare.

Life had been quite a tragic business, he thought wearily, ever since that June morning when he had made Sidney his wife.

All these thoughts passed like lightning through his brain, as, lifting her tenderly in his arms, he placed her upon the cushions of the carriage, and, still holding her within his arm, tried to soothe her with a few gently-spoken words.

But all power of self-control had deserted her.

The intense relief she felt at sight of her husband safe and free as yet, the self-repression she had exercised so long, which cost her such an effort, the agitation, the long night's vigil, the anxiety and suspense had broken her down.

She could not have spoken a word to save her life or Stephen's.

She lay back against the cushions, supported by his arm, sobbing, gasping, trembling, and exhausted, fighting against her emotion as best she could, poor child, because she knew it would be painful and distressing to him, but utterly powerless to overcome it.

She was not weeping.

There were no tears in the great burning eyes or on the pale cheeks, and the sobs were great dry choking sobs which shook the slender frame within his arm with a force which seemed as if it must really kill her.

While Stephen, looking at her with intense pity and compassion, felt all the helplessness a man usually feels in presence of a crise de nerfs.

But through it all one thing struck him, that she did not now shrink from him as she had done in the waiting-room at Ling, that she rather yielded to his arm, and let her weary head rest against his shoulder, as if it were good for it to be there, that the little hands clasped him with convulsive force for a moment, and that, if they fell away then, it was from failing power, not from repulsion.

And, when at last, from sheer exhaustion the sobs ceased and the gasping breaths came more evenly, though very feebly, she rested against him as a weary child worn out with suffering might rest against its mother's breast.

"Now, dear, can you tell me what the matter is?" he said, after a pause, as they sped onwards through the gathering gloom of the wintry dusk.

"How is it you are here and alone? Is this the care they have been taking of you at Brighton?

"Surely they must have seen and known that you were utterly unfit for such a journey?"

"They did not know I was coming," she answered faintly, pausing between each word as they fell slowly from her white and tremulous lips.

"Have you run away again then?" he said, in the gently chiding tone one might adopt to a spoiled child.

"No," she whispered.

"Where were you going, dear?" he asked bending his face down over hers as he spoke, and putting his strong hand over the little trembling helpless fingers upon her lap.

"I was—coming—to—you!"

Her voice was so low and faint that the words were almost inaudible.

They thrilled Stephen Daunt with joy. She was coming to him!

Could it be that at last she had learnt to love him, to appreciate his love for her, and that a brighter day was dawning for them after the long dark night of distrust and pain?

"You were coming to me, Sidney!" he repeated softly, drawing her still closer to his side.

"You wanted me then? Why did you not send or telegraph, child.

"I would have come to you so gladly—how gladly you will never know, Sidney dear."

"I—I dared not!" she whispered; and, turning her face suddenly, she hid it against him, pressing it against his fur-lined coat with a sudden passionate pain.

"You dared not," he echoed, in a voice so full of tender reproach that it almost destroyed Sidney's composure—"you dared not!

"Why? Surely you were not afraid of me, my child?"

"No, no—wait!" she murmured, still with her face hidden. "Give me a little time—and—I will tell you—if you need telling.

"I have no strength—and yet—I must find strength—or it may be—too late!"

Too late!

What did she mean? Stephen wondered, with a curious dread.

Did she think she was going to die, poor foolish girl?

And yet was the thought such a foolish one?

She had been so ill, and was still so far from strong, that this great agitation and subsequent exhaustion must be terribly weakening and hurtful to her.

Desperately the poor woman struggled against her exhaustion, knowing how precious the time was and how she was losing it.

She could not find strength to speak, to tell her husband of his danger, to confess that she believed him guilty of a dreadful crime.

Two or three times she tried to utter the words of warning and entreat him to fly; but the words died away on her white lips, and she rested against him like a wounded thing, conscious indeed, yet utterly strengthless and exhausted.

Stephen was greatly distressed. Fully an hour must elapse before the train stopped again, and then it would be only for a few minutes.

Looking at the colorless face against his shoulder, he began to fear that, if no help could be obtained before then, it would be too late to be of any use.

To his eyes, inexperienced as he was in illness and its signs, Sidney's face looked like the face of a dying woman as the light from the railway-lamp fell upon it, and he felt terribly helpless and very despairing.

Suddenly he remembered that he had his traveling-flask with him, and that, on leaving Easthorpe on the previous day, the butler had filled it with sherry.

He had had no occasion to use it since, and had forgotten it.

Now he remembered it with an almost passionate sense of gratitude.

Gently placing Sidney back in her seat, he took his bag from the netting, hastily unlocked it, and took out the flask.

"What is it?" she said faintly, as he held the little silver cup to her lips.

"Some wine. Drink it, dear child; it will do you good."

With a sudden eagerness, almost avidity, she took it from him and drained the contents of the cup.

It had contained barely a wineglassful of the wine.

Small as the quantity was, it acted like magic on her feeble frame.

A faint tinge of color came into the thin cheeks which had been so ashen-white the minute before.

She raised herself from the cushions, eager and anxious to tell him all before her strength gave way again.

Stephen went back to his seat beside her, with a psalm of thanksgiving in his kind heart.

Never had he been so glad of the thoughtfulness of his butler before.

"Now, Sidney," he said cheerfully' "tell me all about it.

"What has made you leave Brighton so suddenly, without giving us any warning or bringing any attendant with you?"

She looked up into his face earnestly as she replied to his question by another.

"Were you going home to Easthorpe?"

"Yes," he answered wonderingly. "I have been to Dering on business, and I am returning to Ashford.

"We seem doomed to meet at railway-stations, Sidney," he added, with a slight laugh which sounded forced and tuneless in the silent carriage.

"Do not go home," she said suddenly, grasping his arm with her trembling burning hands.

"Oh, Stephen, do not go home! Come with me, away—far away! Have you not heard?"

He looked down at her in intense bewilderment, without the remotest conception of her meaning; then a thought struck him and held him for a moment dumb with terror.

He put his arm round her once more, and drew her tenderly to his side, looking down at the beautiful wan face with a love and tenderness he did not try to disguise; but he could not speak to her for a moment, for his lips were quivering somewhat, and there was a strange lump in his throat.

"Have you not heard," she repeated, in a very husky awe-stricken tone—"have you not heard? They know—they have found out! I heard it last night at the ball, and I could not come sooner—I missed the train; but, now that you are here, we can go away somewhere, and they will not know."

"My poor Sidney!" he said tremulously.

"I shall not mind," she went on faintly—"not if you are safe. You will go away, Stephen, will you not? And—and—I will go; you will not go without me, as you thought once—you will let me be with you?"

"My dearest, yes," he said unsteadily. "When you are stronger, I will take you away; but we must first go home to Easthorpe and let you get quite well."

"Not to Easthorpe," she cried—"not there. We will go away—oh, so far away!—you will trust me, Stephen?"

"My darling," he murmured, with dim eyes, touched by her pathetic eagerness and humility, "I trust you fully; and by-and-by we will go away together, and try to repair the mistakes of the past."

She looked up at him still; but into the sweet pleading eyes had come a look of puzzled impatience.

"Do you not understand?" she said hastily. "Stephen, they know, and they—they——"

She sank down upon her knees by his side, still clasping his arm with her little feverish hands, her eyes raised to his in wild appeal; but Stephen, who had no clue to the mystery, could only look at her in pitying compassion, and try to soothe her by a few softly-spoken words and tender caresses.

But Sidney only shrank from him impatiently.

"Will you not heed?" she said faintly. "Oh, listen to me, Stephen! I heard it last night at the ball—Lord de la Poer told me; it is in the newspapers."

"What was in the newspapers, dear?" he asked her gently, putting his arms around her, and holding the trembling form in his tender clasp. "I'm very stupid, Sidney; but I do not seem able to understand you at all."

"Perhaps you do not know," she whispered, letting her aching weary head rest against his arm as she looked up into his face with miserable pleading eyes. "It has come—that which I have been dreading for so many long days. It has been long in coming; but it has come at last."

"What has come at last?" he said, in ever-increasing bewilderment, for Sidney's manner was so earnest and significant that he began to think that the delirium existed only in his fancy.

"Then you do not know?" she interrogated wearily. "Oh, Stephen, must I tell you? Will you not understand that it kills me to tell you? Oh, you must have feared it, even as I have!"

"I am afraid I am very dense," he said gently; "but I do not understand you—I cannot even guess at your meaning, Sidney, dear."

"Do you know"—the little burning hands gripped and held him with a sudden fierce strength, the great passionate eyes were fixed upon his face in unutterable fear and misery—"do you know what the Earl said last night? Oh, the words have never left me for a moment since—they seem to dance before me in letters of fire! He said"—the eager piteous voice sank to a whisper, but every word was clearly and distinctly uttered—"that the mystery of the Ashford murder was likely to be solved very shortly, and that some startling and unlooked-for revelations might be expected, and that the police were on the track. He said that —— Oh, Stephen, now you will understand!"

In her agony of shame at the accusation she thought she had made against him—of shame for his shame—her head fell forward upon his knee, while her hands still held him, in mute assurance that, no matter what his shame was, she would cling to him through it all.

But her husband, uncomprehending until now, suddenly divined her meaning, or at least supposed thus he had divined it.

She feared for Frank Greville's safety, and perhaps, knowing something of his whereabouts, she was anxious to go somewhere where her evidence could not be obtained if it were sought for by the authorities.

There was method in her madness then, he thought bitterly.

All her terror was for this man whom, unworthy as he was, she loved still, and who would ever stand between Stephen and his heart's desire while life lasted.

His face had altered strangely as he sat looking down in silence at the stricken head resting against his knee, at the little trembling hands holding him with such a convulsive clasp.

All the tenderness died out of it—not the compassion—for it was not in Stephen Daunt's nature to look at a woman in trouble without pity—and in the sudden revulsion of feeling he dropped his arm from around her and drew back a little.

"You know now?"

"Yes," he answered, in a voice so cold and changed that, had Sidney's own agitation been less, she could not have failed to notice it—"yes, I know now!"

There was a moment's silence; the train rushed onwards through the gloaming, the snow had ceased to fall, the stars were coming out one by one in the clear deep blue of the sky.

They had rushed through a station just then, and Stephen had seen the lamps burning, and had caught a glimpse of the waiting travellers, which he recalled afterwards, thinking how strangely in moments of very great excitement trifles seem to fix themselves on one's mind, and memory when greater matters fade from them.

"Stephen"—the faint broken voice fell upon the silence sadly—"you will go away now?"

"Go!" he repeated, in puzzled tones. "Why should I go? If—if you wished to escape annoyance, you should have stayed in Brighton; they would not have troubled you there; and indeed I do not know why they should trouble you now. You know nothing of the matter, you can throw no light upon the subject."

At the coldness, almost harshness of his voice she raised her head, and at the sight of her face, so pale and wan, so full of horror and misery, his own face softened a little.

"Forgive my impatience," he said hurriedly. "This subject is one so full of pain to me that I cannot think of it patiently. What is it you wish done, Sidney? If it be in my power, I will help you."

"Stephen, don't you understand," she asked him, breathlessly—"don't you understand?"

"I understand nothing," he said almost impatiently, "but that you are, as you ever have been, anxious for Frank Greville's safety, and I fail to see how I am to relieve your anxiety."

She shrank back from him as she knelt, trembling and aghast.

Did he not yet understand that the real culprit had been discovered?

How could she make him understand? She could not put it into plain words; she could not say to her husband—

"I know you are guilty. I know that you killed the unfortunate Squire; and it is for your safety, and not for Frank's that I am anxious."

The train slackened speed a little, and Sidney rose to her feet.

They were entering the station where the second and last change of trains was to take place on their way to Ashford, and there was still a chance of escape if she could prevail upon Stephen not to continue his journey.

But she felt stupid and dazed and confused, and in silence allowed her husband to assist her to leave the carriage, moving more like an automaton than a living and breathing woman.

Nor could she find words to speak to him as they stood together on the little station platform.

Stephen had drawn her hand through his arm and held it there, and had turned with her to the little waiting-room; but she shrank back a little, and he had taken the movement for a wish to remain in the fresh air, and had acquiesced, although the wind was blowing keenly along the station, carrying with it some of the snow which lay thickly over the surrounding country.

"We have only five minutes to wait here," he said, bending his head over the slender shrinking form by his side; and as he spoke to her the girl raised her face and looked up at him with a world of pitiful entreaty in her dark lustrous eyes.

"Stephen," she said faintly—"Stephen, do not go home—do not go home!"

"For Heaven's sake, explain yourself more clearly!" he cried, almost angrily. "Where am I to take you, if not home? We shall be there in an hour; and it would be utterly impossible for you to undertake the journey back to Brighton again this evening."

"But, if you go home," she faltered brokenly, after a long pause—"if you go home——"

"Well," he asked, looking down at her, "what will happen if I go home?"

"They—they—Stephen, you will not understand me—and yet——"

"I am only too anxious to do so," he said, in a gentler tone. "But here is our train, Sidney."

"No, no!" she said piteously, as he led her forward.

The guard, who had recognised Stephen, was holding open the door of a first-class compartment, and Sidney was lifted in, passive and unresisting now. Stephen followed, the guard closed the door with a bang, and the train moved on slowly.

Sidney burst into a despairing passion of tears.

Stephen waited in silence until the nervous paroxysm was over; then he moved to a seat beside his wife, and said gravely and somewhat coldly, but still with much kindness in his voice—

"Sidney, you will spare me much anxiety and yourself some pain, if you will be more explicit, and tell me what you fear."

It had come at last, Sidney thought bitterly—the time when she must tell her husband all she knew, when she must accuse him of murder, and of a cruel cowardly deception which was as base a crime.

Since it was the only way to save him, she dared keep silence no longer; since he would not understand her, she must put her fears into plain words.

"Stephen," she said, in a low voice, which she kept steady by one last effort of self-control, "I told you that the Rutledge mystery would soon be solved, that the police were on the track of the—of the"—the word would not come, she could not force her lips to its utterance—"and—it is not Frank Greville they mean—they—oh, Stephen, they know all—they know that you —— Oh, if you go home, they will take—you——"

Her voice failed her; but she stretched out her hands to him in piteous passionate pleading; and in the dim light of the railway-carriage, he saw in the horror and pain on her face what she believed.

For a moment he sat looking at her in silence, his face growing pale as death as he realised what she meant, what her belief was; and then, as by a lightning-flash, all was made clear to him—her proposed flight her shrinking terror, the cause of her illness, and the terrible agitation and dread she had evinced.

For a time he could not speak, stunned by the pain of the thought that his wife, the woman whom he had loved with the one deep love of his lifetime, for whom he had counted no sacrifice too great, should think him not only a murderer, but a treacherous coward, who had allowed another man to suffer for his crime, while he himself had been free and unstained.

And Sidney, cowering in one corner of the compartment, her face hidden in her trembling hands, felt the contempt and anger in the look she dared not meet, and wished with all her heart that she had died before she let him see that she believed in his guilt.

But, when at last the silence was broken, it was not by the angry contemptuous words she expected to hear.

"You believed that!" he said, in a tone of incredulous horror. "Good Heaven, how horrible!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN the library at Easthorpe the lamps were burning softly, and the heavy Oriental curtains were drawn closely, shutting out the wintry night, with its keen winds and falling snow.

The room looked thoroughly comfortable and artistically beautiful, with its handsome carvings and curious stamped leather, and its rows of soberly, yet richly-bound volumes, and the only incongruous thing present was a dainty afternoon tea service of Sevres, which stood on a table near the blazing wood-fire.

Its delicate coloring, the glittering silver of its appointments, seemed more suitable for the drawing-room or Sidney's boudoir than for the sombre magnificence of the library.

Husband and wife were there alone, in the first half hour of their return to Easthorpe.

Sidney was leaning, or rather lying, back in a great arm-chair by the fire.

Stephen sat opposite to her, his elbow resting upon the table, his head leaning upon his hand, and a look on his face which Sidney had never seen there before—a look so stern, so contemptuous, so intensely reproachful and sad, that she dared not cast a second look upon his face, she dared not meet a glance from the dark, reproachful eyes.

The brougham had been waiting for Stephen at the station on the arrival of the train from Ashford.

And husband and wife had driven home in silence, even as the latter part of their journey had been performed.

No word had passed between them after Stephen Daunt's exclamation of horror; he had not spoken.

Sidney was literally incapable of doing so. In utter silence he had assisted her into the brougham, and in silence, too he had half led, half carried her into the library on their arrival at Easthorpe—for she was quite incapable of walking without assistance.

He had ordered some tea to be brought, and had himself poured out some for her; but it stood untasted by her side, as she crouched in the great arm-chair, the firelight falling upon her face, so wan, so pale, so terror-stricken, that it had lost all its beauty even as it had lost it on the night when she had overheard Christine Greville say that Stephen Daunt was guilty.

It had needed very few minutes to convince Sidney of the falsehood of such an assertion, the fallacy of such a belief.

The look on her husband's face as he realized her meaning had been sufficient to show her how mad she had been to credit the statement for a moment.

How had she done so—she, his wife, who knew how noble and good he was, how incapable of baseness? Ah, how mad and foolish she had been!

No words of his had been needed; he had not attempted to deny the accusation, he had made no assertion of innocence, he had uttered no reproach.

But Sidney knew that he was as innocent as herself; the incredulous horror on his face, the exclamation which had broken from his lips as he saw what she meant, had been more than sufficient to clear him in her eyes.

Would he ever forgive her?

Could an innocent man ever forgive such cruel, unfounded suspicions, such doubt of his honor and good faith?

As Sidney crouched there, all the horror of it was before her, all the baseness of the crimes she had attributed to her husband was before her eyes in blackest colors.

She had believed that, guilty of murder, he had let another man suffer, that he had married her knowing himself to be a murderer, that he had deceived all those around him—she had thought this of her own husband.

The fire danced up cheerily, the wind whistled round the house; but not a breath of its keen blast entered the carefully-screened room where they sat silent and motionless, this husband and wife between whom such an iron wall had arisen, erecting a barrier which could never, Sidney thought in her agony, be overthrown.

She was cold, ill and faint from the day's long journey, undertaken when her health was so unequal to it; she had tasted no food all day, and her limbs were strengthless and numbed.

Was she dying? she wondered vaguely, feeling the lassitude of extreme debility creeping over her.

Was she dying? Would Stephen forgive her before she died?

He did not look at her, and her dim eyes, before whose vision the bright fire was a dull, red, blurred mass, dared not glance at him, even if their failing sight could have distinguished clearly the grave, noble face, with its look of deep and bitter pain.

It seemed to her that she was drifting away somewhere, into some strange, unknown world, whence she was recalled by her husband's voice speaking gravely, but so coldly that she shivered as its tone fell upon her ear.

"Can you listen to me, Sidney?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered faintly.

"You seem very ill. Is there anything that can be done for you?" he went on, in

the same cold grave tone. "I suppose the best thing would be to send you to bed; but I think we shall neither of us rest until we have had an explanation. Will you have some wine?"

"No—oh, no! I will drink this," she replied, rousing herself by a strong effort, and raising the cup of tea to her lips with hands which were so unsteady and helpless that she spilled part of the contents.

Stephen glanced at her compassionately as she replaced the cup.

Outraged as he was by her cruel suspicion, he could not but pity her—she looked so frail and frightened and helpless; her hair, imperfectly confined by her hands in the morning, had become loose, and was tumbling over her sealskin coat in heavy disordered masses, which caught a gleam of gold from the dancing firelight as it played over them.

Stephen's lip quivered under the heavy moustache as he saw the pitiful little attempt at calmness and self-possession that she made, but which was so utterly a failure.

"You are able to talk to me, Sidney?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" she answered hastily.

"Since when has this most horrible and unnatural suspicion existed in your mind?" he asked abruptly.

"Since—since the night of the ball at Lambswold," she replied, fearing to distress him yet more by her emotion, and struggling desperately for calmness.

He started a little, and glanced sharply at her.

"Was it already in your mind when you came to me to excuse your attendance at the ball?"

"No—oh, no!"

"Later on then?" he said musingly. "What aroused it, Sidney?"

She did not answer.

"I think, if I remember rightly, your reason for refusing to go to Lambswold was Miss Greville's illness," he continued, in the same musing tone, as if he were trying to recall the events of that evening. "Was that your true reason?"

"No."

"I thought not. What was it then?" he asked.

She raised her dim eyes appealingly to his face; but there was no yielding in its sternness.

"What was it?" he repeated.

"I wanted to stay," she faltered, "because—because——"

"Because what?" he asked sharply. "There has been enough paltering with the truth, Heaven knows! Let there be frankness between us now."

"Because Frank Greville was coming here that night to see his sister."

"Frank Greville coming here—to my house?" Stephen exclaimed haughtily.

"Yes."

"It was his first visit, I presume?"

"No."

"He had been here before! When? For the love of Heaven, Sidney, tell me the truth now!"

"He came one night! You remember Lloyd said that——"

Stephen looked at her keenly.

"The man and woman whose meeting he saw in my grounds were you and Greville?" he said slowly.

"Yes."

"You not by appointment?"

"Yes. He came disguised. I saw him for a minute earlier in the day, and said I would meet him there."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Come, Sweetheart!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FOR LIFE AND LOVE," "PRINCESS CHARMIAN," "SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

THE peril is averted for the moment—perhaps forever!

Rosalind hurries down the hillside to join the others, who are standing grouped together on the bluff shoulder of Thoumthinna overlooking the sea.

There indeed is the Pilgrim, her trim white canvas relieved against the sleek blue water.

They fancy they can even distinguish the figure on board, and hear the splash of anchor and cable as they let go.

Rosalind stands with the others, looking down, shading her eyes with her hand from the slanting sunlight. Her face has grown very white.

"You were not expecting him, were you, Rosalind?" Hetty asks, her black eyes dancing with mischief.

"Not expecting him exactly. But we knew he might arrive at any moment."

She tries to speak steadily, with Hetty's sharp eyes on her face.

"It was time he came," Art says, but so low that only Rosalind, beside whom he is standing, can hear.

He has taken his field-glass from the case slung over his shoulder and is looking at the yacht.

"Why do you say that?" the girl asks quietly, in the same tone.

"Can't you guess?"

"I suppose I know what you mean——"

"You must know it. Heaven forgive you, Rosalind, and help some people to-night!"

Miss Sandys shudders, standing on the sunlit turf, as far from the edge of the cliff as possible.

Fetherstone is also looking at the pretty yacht.

Some friend of the Sandyses, he supposes the owner to be, but that he is Miss Sandys' bridegroom-elect never of course enters his head.

"I must go home," Rosalind announces a moment later—she was to have dined at Monkswood.

"Mother would be vexed if I knew the yacht had come, and did not go back. Hetty, you will make my apologies to Lady Brabazon?"

"Oh, of course! It is only natural you should wish to hurry back——"

"I will see you home, Rosalind," Art interrupts his wife, putting up his glass.

"Thanks," Miss Sandys answers very steadily.

"Mr. Fetherstone is going that way; he will leave me me at the gate."

The very thing Brabazon thought she would have wished to avoid!

But it seems she is not anxious to avoid it.

There is a look in her eyes which Art has never seen there before.

Perhaps since Fetherstone must know everything now, she prefers to tell him herself, rather than let him hear it from any one else.

Art draws a long breath of relief. If this is her intention, it will spare him a most disagreeable piece of business.

They part with the others near the lane leading past Meadowsweet Farm.

In shaking hands with Rosalind, Art manages to whisper, "Be kind to the unfortunate fellow."

Then the cousins turn away together down the long straight lane.

It is all cool in shadow here, as usual, the coltsfoot and other rank woodland weeds growing up to the thick-leaved branches in a dim vista of deep summer green unrelieved even by different shades of color. Rosalind is glad to find herself out of the glaring sunlight—she will speak here, in the friendly obscurity of the lane.

But the lane is passed, and the gate, and they are crossing the long meadow to the foot of her own wooded hill, before she says in a small voice, which tries in vain to sound very careless—

"I said I had a question to ask you just now, Mr. Fetherstone."

"You called me Hugh."

"Did I? Well, I shall call you Hugh still if you like it better."

"I do—infinitely better!"

"I said I had a question to ask you, Hugh; but now I have something to tell you. You are my cousin, and ought to know."

"Well?" he asks unsuspiciously.

But her courage fails her.

It will be impossible to tell him in this deliberate cold-blooded way.

"I don't want to make any mystery of it," she laughs, trying to carry off her uneasiness with a poor attempt at gaiety.

"I should have asked for your congratulations long ago, Hugh, if—if I had not such an intense dislike to being quizzed."

"What do you mean?" he asks suddenly, coming to a stand-still in the middle of the long gray field.

"I mean that I am engaged to be married."

"Since when?"

"Oh, since long before I met you! I think"—flippantly—"I kept my secret very well."

"Very well indeed! May I know his name?"

"Rushout—Lord Rushout, the owner of that yacht you saw just now. She is a schooner, you know, and is a very good boat for cruising."

"But he has a splendid forty-ton racing cutter—the Calypso. She has won no end of cups; it is her ribbon that I wear round my hat."

Hugh Fetherstone has turned his face aside, and makes no answer.

"I have had some pleasant cruises in the Pilgrim—to the Northern Hebrides and the Mediterranean and the Channel Islands. But mother is a wretched sailor; I should have gone twice as often, but that yachting is such absolute pain and grief to her!"

She has moved on, talking very fast, and he walks beside her.

She does not venture to look at him—only talks on at random, mercifully giving him time to recover himself.

"I suppose you are a good sailor? Do you know I thought you were a sailor the first time I saw you—that day on the cliff?"

Still no answer, and still she does not dare to look at his face.

She scarcely expected a storm of invective, but the most virulent abuse would have been easier to bear than this dead silence.

In three minutes they will have reached her own woods; she will have said good-bye to him.

And can she part with him like this—without one word to show that he does not think her the vilest creature in the whole wide world?

"You have not congratulated me, cousin Hugh," she says deprecatingly, looking, not at him, but at the dense green fir woods creeping up the steep side of the mountain above them. "I don't think you are very civil."

"Don't speak to me," is the fierce wild answer then — "Please don't speak to me!"

"Why, what have I done?"

He raises his head, their eyes meet, and hers fall—fall to the very stubble at her feet.

"Nothing — you have done nothing! Except given me a chance to break my heart!"

"Oh, no; don't say that! I am very fond of you, Hugh, and I want you to be fond of me—your own cousin.

"Why shouldn't we be comrades and friends—we two, and—and like each other always?"

"Why?" he repeats, looking down at her—at the sweet face which has grown a little paler, at the blue eyes, at the bright wind-blown hair, "Because I am a fool, I suppose."

"You are not a fool. If any one is to blame, it is I, for not having told you. But we are not going to quarrel; we are too fond of each other to quarrel.

"You will be my friend still, Hugh, won't you? I shall be your friend as long as I live."

"Why did you do it?" he asks, in the same vague way, his dilated eyes fixed on her face.

"How could it be any pleasure to you to—to lead me on to this?"

"I did not lead you on. Could I not be friends with you without—without your being so foolish as to imagine that I—care?"

"Friends," he repeats, with such unutterable scorn that Miss Sandys' audacity begins to ooze out of the points of her fingers, as it were—"friends! Do you treat all your friends as you have treated me for the last two months,—Miss Sandys?"

"I don't know what you mean. If you were foolish enough to—to think——"

"I was foolish enough to believe in you as I believed in Heaven," he says, with such fierce passion in look and voice that the girl shrinks away from him.

"I thought your soul was as clear as your eyes.

"When you looked at me, as—as you looked at me, could I believe that you lied—that your eyes were false?

"But I am a fool to go on like this! Oh, yes, I congratulate you with—with all my heart! My heart—I wish to Heaven I had no heart!"

He turns away from her, pulling his cap down over his eyes.

He does not say another word; he does not look at at her.

He never glances back as he strides across the sun-scorched meadow.

And Miss Sandys climbs the steep woodland path under the pines and Scotch firs and larches in a dazed kind of way, wondering why two people cannot enjoy a summer together without falling in love with each other, and making such a horrible row about it as this.

CHAPTER V.

LORD RUSHOUT meets his fiancee at the edge of her green lawn, under the shadow of the fir-plantation. He wears a yachting-suit of white duck and a straw hat—a small, slight, dark-complexioned young man, with a smooth dark head and reddish moustache, neither ugly nor good-looking, and with nothing in his bearing or manner to indicate the blue blood which undoubtedly flows in his veins—none of that air of supreme distinction which exalted rank and life-long familiarity with the usages of the best society is supposed to give.

He looks nothing more nor less than a quiet, rather gentlemanly young man, whose eyes, as he comes across the grass to greet her, meet Miss Sandys' dyes with a very affectionate smiling expression.

"Didn't expect me so soon as this, Rosalind?"

"Well, you particularly told us not to except you till we saw you, Vere."

"Yes; I know. But I got tired of Noway and of never seeing you. So this is your Castle by the sea, Roz.

"Rather a barbarous place, isn't it? Pretty enough, though, and lots of good shooting! We'll come here in the autumn sometimes to have a crack at the grouse."

"It is very pretty, I think."

"You seem subdued," he says, with his arm round her shoulder. "What is the matter, Roz? Arn't you glad to see me again?"

"What a silly question!"

"Well, I suppose it is silly!" he laughs. "But you look out-of-sorts, I fancy.

"And you are burnt as brown as a berry—spoiled all your pretty complexion! What was the matter about, to let you make such a slave of yourself?"

"Did you expect me to go about with a veil tied over my face?" she laughs, keeping her head turned away a little that he may not notice the redness of her eyelids.

"I don't like to miss my milk and roses. Your neat complexion was the prettiest thing about you, Roz—your complexion and your eyes.

"Your eyes are not changed, are they? Look at me!"

"Don't be silly!" she laughs, trying to free herself from his arm.

"You must be starving—that is, if you haven't dined already."

"Oh, I dined on board the yacht! And we are to have tea now, the mater says, and Irish cream and all kinds of good things! Roz, it is good to see you, and yet somehow I don't think you are very glad—now are you?"

"This is the second time you have asked that ridiculous question!"

"Well, I want you to answer. I am so glad to see you."

"Do you know, Hetty is here at Monkswood, staying with the Brabazons, she and Art and Gwen Haddock?"

"So you wrote me. How does Art look, after five years' Indian bronzing?"

"Oh, handsomer than ever! And Hetty is just as jealous as ever—in fact, I think she is worse."

"And how do you all amuse yourself in this Ultima Thule?"

"Oh, very well! We were at the top of that big mountain to-day—picnicked there, and made a gipsy-fire and brewed some tea."

"How jolly! You must take me up there some day, Rosalind."

"I don't think you would care very much for it—it is rather a stiff climb, and you were always very lazy!"

They are walking across the lawn together, up to the old gray keep and the quaint cottage nestling in its shadow.

The sun has set, and all the sky overhead is flecked with little pink-and-purple clouds.

Thoumthinna's bald summit towers high above the plantations with a lingering tinge of rose-color upon it.

A blue mist hides the valleys; in between the fir stems the wood behind them looks dark and sombre, with its wilted leaves of blue-bells and sheets of green bracken.

"On this very day two months, Rosalind, you will belong to me," Lord Rushout says, with a smiling look at the girl beside him. "Only two months more to wait!"

"Only two months?" she echoes vaguely.

"When are you coming back to London?"

"Mother spoke of going back in the beginning of August."

"I can't think how you managed to endure existence here for nine weeks, Rosalind!"

"I not only endured it, but really enjoyed it."

"Yet you are so fond of society and balls and all that kind of thing!"

"I don't know that I am fond of them—now," Miss Sandys says, a little dreamily. "If I could do what I liked, I should spend the rest of my days here at Mourne."

"At Mourne!" he echoes jealously. "Mourne may be very well for a month or two in summer; but fancy it when all those great bare mountains are covered with snow!

"I don't think you would care very much for it then!"

Miss Sandys scarcely hears him.

She is thinking of a passionate face, of passionate words which still echo in her tingling ears.

And Lord Rushout's cool conventional voice sounds faint and far away as he walks beside her, slight and slim, in his white duck suit and canvas shoes.

Mrs. Sandys has seen to the preparation of an ample meal for the voyager, spread in the quaint old-fashioned parlor, with its dark wainscot and antique spindle-legged furniture—cold fowl, salad, greengage tart, and claret and tea and coffee, and Rosalind presides at the tea-tray in a pretty fresh cambric gown with a spray of heather in the lace about her throat, and looks at her lover, and listens to him with eyes which do not see him and with ears which do not hear a single word he says.

But he does not know that, talking away complacently; nor does Mrs Sandys guess it, watching them with equal complacence—she, for one, is very glad that Lord Rushout has made his appearance, for Rosalind has been doing a very foolish thing.

They sit at the drawing-room window after tea, while Lord Rushout smokes his cigar on the sill outside.

He intends to spend the night on board his yacht—his men are waiting for him down on the shore near the village—but he has promised to breakfast at Mourne at nine o'clock, and probably the Monkswood party will be over in the course of the day, and carry them all back to dinner.

There is no scene this evening however, at mention of the Fetherstones. Lord Rushout seems in high spirits, and Rosalind looks exceedingly pretty, as she leans back in her canvas chair, with her hands clasped idly in her lap—a little pale perhaps, but then her mountain scramble may have tired her.

She allows to being a little tired when they asked her laughingly if she has lost her tongue?

She is wondering how the moonlight lies on the long gray fields about Meadowsweet and what Hugh Fetherstone is doing, and if that look of passionate anguish is still in his eyes. How he must love her to have looked like that.

She had persuaded herself that he had only liked her—as a cousin!

Lord Rushout leaves them at ten o'clock to go down to his boat.

The moment he goes away, Rosalind turns to kiss her mother, wishing her good-night.

"Are you quite well, Rosalind? Your cheeks is as cold as ice!"

"Quite well mother; but I think the evening has grown rather chilly, don't you?"

"It did not strike me. I hope you have not caught cold, just now, when I want you to look your best!"

"Oh, no!"—with her slight cool smile. "I shall be all right in the morning; but you need not have me called at any unearthly hour, mother—I promise not to be late."

She goes away to her own room, carrying her candle, which she sets upon the narrow old-fashioned mantelpiece, going back to shut and lock her door.

Then she sits down by the dressing-table leaning her elbows upon it and her face in her hands.

So she sits for hours, without sobbing, without even sighing, though her heart is breaking—if hearts ever do break from stress of grief.

It is long past one o'clock when she rises at last and begins to undress, taking the little spray of heather from the lace about her throat.

He had given it to her—she remembers how he had plucked and handed it to her as they sat together on the sun-scorched grass.

She looks at it with haggard blue eyes, but she does not kiss it—she does not put it away among her treasures.

She has no right to keep it, that dry bit of heather, the only thing he had ever given her, except his heart!

Yes, he had given her his heart. Her own bounds exultantly at the very thought.

He belonged to her only this morning, he was her lover, her very own!

Nothing can rob her of that poor triumph—nothing, nothing!

He hates her now, most likely, but then he loved her.

They had been lovers as they walked down the sunny slopes of Thounthinun together, with the sunset glory on their faces—for she loves him even as he loves her!

She knows it now that she has lost him forever, and she glories in the knowledge as a martyr glories in the flames which curl about his writhing limbs at the stake. Why should she not suffer, since she has made him suffer?

The keener the anguish the more it comforts her.

She cares for him, and she can never be happy again.

She would rather be miserable for his sake than happy, forgetting him.

Now at last she knows what this terrible love is at which she had laughed so often—knows its sharp anguish, its keen intolerable delight.

As long as she lives she must love Hugh Fetherstone, and yet she must marry this other, and neither of them must ever know——

She walks up and down the room with the little spray of heather in her hand, restless with shame and misery.

And while she walks the blinds grow blue, a big cock crows, the night is over; she goes to the window and throws up the sash, very gently, that she may not wake her mother, and stands there looking out.

The fresh air is wafted in, bringing with it a breath of sweet roses and new-mown hay.

The sun is rising, she can see its reflection on the tops of the Scotch firs on Mourne Hill.

The sparrows are twittering in the lilac and syringa bushes and in the thick golden hedges, the sound of the river comes plainly on the clear still air.

There is a new, indescribable beauty about everything, a calm sincerity which sinks deep into the girl's heart—a heart which is honest and essentially truthful itself, according to its lights.

How can she bear to live a life of deceit—she who is so fond of all honest things? She will be true herself, come what will. She vows it, with a sudden rush of pain and love and pity—true to herself and to the love which henceforth must be all in all to her—the love that she dare not dream of if she were another man's wife.

And, comforted by this resolve, she goes to bed at last, at about four o'clock in the morning.

* * * * * *

At a quarter to nine she is strolling down the avenue to meet her lover, bareheaded, in her faint blue gown with its white embroideries.

The grass-grown drives lie cool in dewy shadow between the ancient oaks and beeches.

Beyond the gate the white road winds down the steep hill to the village.

There is nothing stirring but a goat nibbling the dusty hedge opposite.

Miss Sandys leans her arms on the gate, and stands there watching him and waiting thing of the first time she had seen Hugh Fetherstone, and wondering if she shall ever see him again.

It is not very probable.

Her mother will not stay at Mourne a day longer than she can help when she knows the result of this morning's ramble, and perhaps it will be better so.

Hugh hates and despises her now—they can never be friends again—never blot out the memory of yesterday—of those few passionate words spoken in the long gray meadow, under the solemn shadow of the sighing firs.

"The very first time you ever met me half-way, Rosalind?" Hugh Fetherstone laughs catching sight of the slim figure as he comes up the road. "I ought to feel highly flattered."

"I should think so," Rosalind answers, in the same tone. But she does not smile as she opens the gate.

"Isn't it a glorious morning? What, not going to give me a kiss, after coming all this way to meet me?"

"I have something to say to you," she answers gravely.

"Come this way, it will take us round to the house; but it is a little longer, if you don't mind?"

They walk together up the hill, and then and there Rosalind tells him all about the Fetherstones and her cousin Hugh.

"Why was all this kept from me?" Rushout asks, when she is silent for a little while, thinking how she shall tell him the rest.

"I do not know. I wanted to tell you, but I was over-ruled."

"Of course it can't be helped. But it is very unpleasant. And of course everybody knows?"

"All the people about here know."

"Well, it will only keep us away from Mourne. And, after all, the place is no great loss.

"We can let it to somebody as a fishing-lodge. But, in the circumstances, you can't wonder if I do not care to come here myself."

"I do wonder."

"It would have been better if you had told me at first."

"I know it would."

"Not that it would have made much difference," he adds, his face clearing. "I admired you too much, Ros, from the very first day I saw you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Family Affair.

BY E. F. SPENCER.

"I WOULD not marry the best man on earth!" said Bessie Morton, pursing up her pretty mouth with an air of resolution and looking defiant.

Alice Linley, snugly ensconced on a sofa by the open window, busy with her embroidery, glanced up smilingly, as she ventured to suggest—

"Possibly the best man on earth may not ask you."

Bessie gave her friend a withering glance and stooped to pick up her crochet needle, which had fallen to the floor.

"I'll bet," began a voice, which caused Bessie to start to her feet, while Alice held up both hands in deprecation, as a young man, fair and handsome, sprang through the open window.

"We are not betting people, Cousin Dick," observed Alice, with a little frown. "Ladies never indulge in such absurdities."

"That does not alter the situation," returned Dick Renshawe, composedly, flinging himself into an easy chair, where he could look full into Bessie Morton's fair face. "I'll take all the blame, if blame there be, but all the same, I am quite willing to wager that Miss Bessie here will be married within a year, and furthermore——"

"Mr. Renshawe!"

Bessie's grave, protesting face was a study of astonishment and consternation, but Dick went on composedly, quite as though he had not heard her at all:

"Miss Bessie, I repeat it, will be married within a year, and, furthermore, she will marry the very man whom I shall select for her."

"The saints forbid!" ejaculated Alice. "What fearful presage cometh next? Bessie, he is a false prophet."

"No profit to anyone that I am aware," said the young man, serenely, "but, nevertheless, here is my wager. Out with the betting books, ladies, and as Captain Edward Cuttle would observe, 'make a note of it.'"

"Betting books, indeed," retorted Alice, scornfully. "We leave such dissipation for idle young men with more money than brains."

Dick bowed profoundly.

"Meaning me, I suppose?" he asked calmly.

"Meaning you," returned Alice, blandly, "of course."

"All this is not to the point," went on Dick, after a moment's pause. "Here is my note-book. See, I will make an entry in it."

And he drew from his pocket a note-book and pencil, and made the following entry upon the first blank page:

"I, Richard Renshawe, do wager the sum of one thousand dollars—to be paid by the loser—that Miss Bessie Morton will accept the first eligible offer of marriage that she receives."

"You see if I do," cried Bessie, in wrathful indignation.

"How sure you must be that you are going to receive any at all, Bess," remarked Alice, sagely. "Great expectations are not always realized, you know. But, oh, Dick, your stakes are too large. You know that Bessie cannot——"

She stopped short, blushing confusedly; she had not meant to be rude or unkind, yet she was aware that Bessie Morton's poverty was a heavy trial to the proud and sensitive girl, who was struggling bravely for independence.

The Mortons were poor, uncompromisingly poor, and Bessie, the eldest of a large family, had come to the home of her friend, Alice Linley, to pass a few weeks.

With a heart longing and yearning for comfort and the means with which to make life more easy for the parents who were very dear to her, Bessie knew that there was no hope for her, save a wealthy marriage, and who, with fortune, would care for "that poor Morton girl?" Bessie was not a girl to marry for money alone.

Besides—but she dare not own it to herself—she had begun to care for Dick Renshawe, who, with his merry voice and laughing words made the house ring from morning till night.

She knew that he was warm-hearted, noble and upright; but she felt intuitively that her love was hopeless, and she would have died sooner than betray her secret to him.

True, he liked to laugh and jest with her, as he might with any pleasant girl who visited his cousin's house, where he made his home, any girl "not altogether a fright," as Bessie mentally pronounced herself.

But that was all, for with his great wealth and his position in society, he would seek a wife among the exclusives.

"Not altogether a fright," was not a just description of Bessie Morton.

She had a fair, sweet face, beautiful brown eyes, and heavy waves of dark hair, regular, delicate features, was graceful, and quite well educated; in fact, she had been fitting herself for a teacher at the time my story opens.

She knew that in a few days more she must bid farewell to the pretty home where she had passed a short season of unrestrained happiness with Alice, her dearest friend, and go out in the cold world and earn her bread by the sweat of her brow.

She had come to the city, and to the home of the Linleys, for the purpose of being examined for a situation as teacher in the public schools.

Mr. Linley, the father of Alice, was one of the committee appointed for the examination of applicants; Bessie had passed the trying ordeal and was now waiting patiently for the verdict.

"To be or not to be, that was the question."

If she were fortunate enough to be accepted, the road to independence and the ears of the dear ones at home was open before her.

If, on the other hand, she was doomed to disappointment—Bessie dared think no further.

It was a fair, sunny day, a week later. Bessie took a book and strolled out into the garden, into a shady rose arbor. Hardly had she seated herself when Alice came hurrying down the walk.

"Dick's fiance has arrived," she announced abruptly, entering the arbor.

Bessie started with a suppressed exclamation; then, controlling herself with admirable fortitude, she sank back into her seat again.

She knew all at last. What a foolish, terribly foolish girl she has been. She had never expected him to care for her, but the thought that he was already betrothed had never once entered her heart.

"Who is she?" queried Bessie, for the sake of having something to say.

"Miss Brandon," returned Alice, volubly; "and between you and me, Bess, he does not care a nickel for her. It is just a family arrangement, and——"

"Thanks, very much, for your penetration, cousin," cried a merry voice, and the young man himself appeared upon the scene. "Run into the house, Alice, that's a good girl, and entertain Miss Brandon. I will follow you directly; but first I have a little business with Miss Morton here."

"The school?" panted Bessie, as Alice obligingly obeyed, and left them alone. "You have come to tell me, Mr. Renshawe, that I am——"

"Accepted!" returned Dick, promptly. "However, that is neither here nor there. Bessie," he managed to get possession of one of her little hands, "I have got something else to say to you—I love you. Will you give up this idea of school teaching, and take me as a pupil of life? Will you marry me, Bessie?"

"Mr. Renshawe," she began, indignantly, "how dare you? You are already betrothed."

"A mere family affair, as Alice has told you," returned Dick, composedly; "but there is something which Alice does not know. Miss Brandon and I are no longer betrothed. We dissolved long ago, because, thank Heaven, she found someone whom she liked better than my unworthy self, while I—oh, Bessie, I have loved you from the first time we met."

It all turned out like a real romance. Bessie did not teach school—she married Dick Renshawe, and the Morton family never knew again the dire meaning of the word want.

When they had been married a few days Dick ventured to exhibit to his wife a certain entry in a certain note-book.

"Who won, Bessie?" he queried.

But Bessie made no answer.

THE WORK OF CHANCE.—Valuable discoveries have been made and valuable inventions suggested by the veriest accidents. An alchemist, while seeking to discover a mixture of earth that would make the most durable crucibles, one day found that he had made porcelain.

The power of lenses, as applied to telescopes, was discovered by a watchmaker's apprentice. While holding spectacle glasses between his thumb and finger, he was startled at the suddenly enlarged appearance of a neighboring church spire.

The art of etching upon glass was discovered by a Nuremburg glass-cutter. By accident a few drops of aquafortis fell upon his spectacles. He noticed that the glass became corroded and softened where the acid touched it. That was hint enough. He drew figures upon glass with varnish, applied the corrosive fluid, that cut away the glass around the figures. When the varnish was removed the figures appeared raised upon a dark ground.

Mezzotinto owed its invention to the simple accident of the gun-barrel of a sentry becoming rusted with dew. The swaying to and fro of a chandelier in a cathedral suggested the application of the pendulum.

The art of lithographing was perfected through suggestions made by accident. A poor musician was curious to know whether music could not be etched upon stone as well as upon copper. After he had prepared his slab, his mother asked him to make a memorandum of such clothes as she proposed to send away to be washed. Not having pen, ink, and paper convenient, he wrote the list on the stone with the etching preparation, intending to make a copy at leisure.

A few days later, when about to clean the stone, he wondered what effect aquafortis would have upon it. He applied the acid, and in a few minutes saw the writing standing out in relief. The next step necessary was simply to ink the stone and take off an impression.

The composition of which printing rollers are made was discovered by a printer. Not being able to find the pelt-ball he inked his type with a piece of soft glue which had fallen out of a glue-pot. It was such an excellent substitute that, after mixing molasses with the glue, to give the mass proper consistency, the old pelt-ball was entirely discarded.

The shop of a certain tobacconist was destroyed by fire. While he was gazing dolefully into the smouldering ruins he noticed that his poorer neighbors were gathering the snuff from the canisters. He tried the snuff for himself, and discovered that the fire had largely improved its pungent aroma. It was a hint worth profiting by. He secured a shop, built a lot of ovens, subjected the snuff to a heating process, gave the brand a particular name, and in a few years became rich through an accident that he at first thought had ruined him.

Scientific and Useful.

COFFEE.—It is not generally known that when coffee beans are placed upon the hot coals or upon a hot plate the flavor arising is one of the most effective and at the same time agreeable disinfectants. If no heat is obtainable, even the spreading of ground coffee on the object to be disinfected is most satisfactory.

HAYRICKS.—To prevent haystacks firing, scatter a few handfuls of common salt between each layer. The salt, by absorbing the humidity of the hay, not only prevents its fermentation and consequent heating, but it also adds a salty taste to this forage, which all cattle like; besides, it stimulates their appetite and assists their digestion, and so preserves them from many diseases.

SORE THROAT.—A drink that is refreshing for the one suffering from sore throat or cold is made by pouring a quart of boiling water over a carefully washed handful of Irish Moss. Let it stand until the water is cool, then strain through a muslin bag; add lemon juice, until it is strong as good lemonade, and sweeten with honey. It may be taken hot with good results, on retiring.

NEW TRAM CAR.—A tram car which does not require switch and sidling on meeting another car has been contrived. The car is kept on the rails by means of a fifth wheel in front of the others, and catching in a groove between the rails; the guide wheel is set in a triangular frame on the fore axle, and when the driver raises this the car readily leaves the rails, and may be drawn over the street pavement in any direction.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.—That fish may be scalded much easier by first dipping into boiling water about a minute. That salt fish are quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk. That milk which has turned or changed may be sweetened or rendered fit for use again by stirring in a little soda. That salt will curdle milk; hence in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

Farm and Garden

FEED.—To feed potatoes, beets, carrots or parsnips to horses cut them into slices not more than an inch thick, and sprinkle them liberally with bran, to which a little salt has been added.

BEDDING.—Secure a supply of stable bedding before the wet and cold weather sets in. Swamp grass, leaves, sawdust, etc. are good. Do not use sawdust if other material can be obtained easily, as it is no advantage to the manure pile until it is decomposed, and years are required to accomplish that.

FOOT-ROT.—In France foot-rot in sheep is prevented by placing shallow trays in front of the doors of their quarters in order that the sheep may be compelled to wade through a mixture of lime and water. It is not used as a cure, however, as diseased sheep must be caught and the hoofs pared and anointed with a solution of blue vitriol.

MILKING.—Many dairymen practice milking their cows steadily without allowing the animals to go dry. They feed heavily on cornmeal and oil cake until the milk fails, when the cow is replaced by a fresh one. A dairyman who keeps 150 cows says such a practice is more profitable than to lose the time between their going dry and coming in.

WORK HORSES.—To keep work horses in good condition an English farmer says: "For two winters I have given the following allowance to six horses: 42 pounds oats 28 pounds maize, 21 pounds beans, 21 pounds cut hay and 70 pounds long hay, or a total of 196 pounds of food per week per horse. Upon this food the horses have done admirably while in constant use.

FLAX CULTURE.—Flax culture is now receiving attention. This valuable crop requires a rich, loamy soil, which should be deeply broken, finely pulverised and as free as possible from weeds or grass. It may go in the ground in May. If sown for seed three pecks to an acre is sufficient, but if for a fine soft fibre the amount should be doubled. One bushel of seed will give a fine fibre and a yield of about ten bushels of seed per acre.

BARNS.—The curb or hip roof to a barn is a new device for getting increased space above the posts. It is best adapted to farmers who use horse hay forks, which will fill this increased space at comparatively little increase of expense. If hay or grain has to be pitched up in these high lofts by hand power it costs too much to make the greater space gained by any advantage. The large number of posts inside the barn are an objection, except in situations where they are needed to give more strength to resist winds.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 22, 1884.

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We hope and trust that each of our present subscribers will send a Club. A little effort cannot fail to secure one, and they will thereby be doing to themselves and friends a favor, and assist in raising the circulation of so good a paper as the SATURDAY EVENING POST.

As to THE POST, there are few in this country, or any other country, who are not familiar with it. Established in 1821, it is the oldest paper of its kind in America, and for more than half a century it has been recognized as the leading Literary and Family Journal in the United States. For the coming year we have secured the best writers of this country and Europe, in Prose, Verse and Fiction.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

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THE DANGER AHEAD.

It is an old proverb, that he is a prudent man who takes time by the forelock. So, it would be well before further harm is accomplished, for the fathers, mothers, guardians, teachers, and others, having the care of children or youth, to ascertain on what literary food their young minds are feeding. During the past fifteen years a crop of vicious boy and girl literature has been sown in this country, which is now only just beginning to be reaped, with terrible results.

As there is wholesome and unwholesome air by which the body is made either strong or weak, so are there healthy and unhealthy sources of reading through which a boy's or girl's mind may be kept pure, or made corrupt. Thus it happens the heart and brain of a child or young person, distorted by depraved books or papers, is so blackened by the contact, that the stain becomes almost uneradicable, even under the best of influences.

We call, therefore, upon all those having charge of youthful minds, to make it their business to know what, how and why they read. We are already seeing the first fruits of the curse brought in by the trashy sensational papers and novels published in the larger cities, and, before it is too late, let those who can, and should, protect the young, stand between them and the dangers—demoralizing to soul and body—that threaten to destroy them.

Only a few weeks ago, in this great city of Philadelphia, two boys, aged about fifteen years, lay cold in the embrace of death, one murdered, the other a suicide and murderer! At fifteen years of age! When the charms of tops, and bat and ball should be at their highest, these young spirits had rushed, sent impetuously at the muzzle of a pistol, into the presence of God!

And what made them what they were? Why did one of these children shoot his little playmate as he lay sick and ailing beside him? Their minds, as it is told, were so poisoned by the false sentiment of the ungodly novels and papers they had read that their brains were totally turned. Had they been permitted to enter the lowest grog shop the country holds, and fill themselves with the liquid hell-fire of the barrels and bottles until they were stark, staring crazy, it could not have been worse. But they were allowed, perhaps encouraged, by their parents or guardians, to so gorge themselves with the horrible stories of juvenile deeds and glory, printed in the vile sheets of the large cities and elsewhere, that they became utterly irresponsible in their madness, until they wrote "The End" to the story of their mistaken young lives by murder and suicide!

And such an incident, though thus far the worst result of this ungodly literature, in the shape of cheap novels, boy's papers, boy-detectives, boy-hunters, and other forms of imaginary life turning on a "boy" axis, is not by any means the only one. Every day we may see in the public prints accounts of boys and girls running away from home, some to go on the stage, others to kill Indians, go to sea, enlist, and so on, as the outcome of reading these literary moral plagues. Indeed, the general increase of insanity, as evinced by statistics, among boys and young people, can be traced to this same source, beyond a doubt.

At such a time, then, the proud boast the SATURDAY EVENING POST has always made can be again indulged in without vanity. For sixty-four years it has been the leading family journal of the land, and as never in the past has it descended to prostitute its columns to anything in the way of literature that was not, while interesting, both pure and elevating for young and old alike, old subscribers and new ones may be assured it will never do it in the time to come.

SANCTUM CHAT.

In Germany a man dare not cut down the trees on his own land without consent of the proper authorities, so zealous is the Government in preserving the forests.

—

Not one of a thousand lightning-rods at present upon our buildings is of any use, says an acknowledged authority on the subject, for the simple reason that the rods are not led into moist ground, and therefore offer great resistance to the passage of an electric discharge.

—

The editor of a Tennessee paper flares up over the aspect of "dressy" school girls, and says, paternally: "There isn't any sense in it. There was a day when a calico dress and a sun bonnet were good enough for a school dress, and if finer toggery was put on, the wearer was sent home with instructions to change. It is very painful for a child to go out in company dressed poorly when the majority are clad in finery."

—

Manual training in public schools is to have a thorough trial in New Haven, Conn. Tools will be kept in two of the grammar schools, and classes from other schools in the city will go there for a weekly lesson of two hours. The Board of Education has authorized an expenditure of $600 for the purchase of the necessary supplies. The projectors of this new departure anticipate practical and interesting results, and in the event of these being realized, the movement will be extended to all the grammar grades of that city.

—

Young people should acquire the habit of correct speaking and writing, and abandon, as early as possible, any use of slang words and phrases. The longer you put this off, the more difficult the acquirement of correct language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its use, the unfortunate victim will most probably be doomed to talk slang for life. You have merely to use the language which you read instead of the slang which you hear, to form a taste in agreement with the best writers and speakers in the country.

—

The system of hiring out boxes in postoffices to business men, for the reception of their mails, which has been in use in large towns in France and Switzerland, and is general throughout the United States, is now to be introduced into the new postoffice recently erected in Paris. A large room in the building is set apart for the use of persons who desire to write letters. It is furnished with maps, guide books, dictionaries and directories, and has a supply of pens, ink and blotting paper. An attendant supplies stationery at cost price, and there is a small charge of two or three pennies for the use of the room.

—

Some interesting researches have recently been made by the Director of the Bureau of Statistics of Vienna, to determine the comparative longevity of men and women, and to ascertain the causes for any difference that might appear. He finds that out of 102,831 individuals who have passed the age of 90 years, 60,303 are women, while only 42,520 are men. In Italy he finds 241 alleged centenarian women, and but 141 men of that age. The fact that of children who reach the age of 10 years there are more females than males, seems to be well established, and that the disproportion in number grows greater as the years of their life advance, is equally certain. The number of male births exceeds the female by about four per cent.

—

Miss Parloa, the lecturess on cookery, in a recent lecture in New York, said one of the most frequent mistakes people make, is putting on too much coal. Never have the coal come above the lining of the stove. It is a waste of fuel, and the fire will not be so bright and clear, because the draught will not be so good. When not using the fire keep the dampers closed; it will be ready when needed; then open the draughts. For cooking, either on top of the stove or in the oven, no matter how hot the fire desired, having the coal come nearly to the top of the lining, the fire ought to last four hours without new coal or poking. The top of the stove may be red hot, and the coal piled up to the lids, and yet the ovens will not bake. It is because there is too much coal, and the draught is stopped by it. The practice of having the top of the stove or range red hot will soon destroy it.

—

A Socialistic Congress has just been held in Paris, and has settled the following programme: 1. Adoption by the State of all children, legitimate and illegitimate, until their majority. 2. Every kind of education to be lay, and the same for both sexes. 3. All public functions to be opened to competitive examinations. 4. The study of history to be limited to precise facts, that the child "may learn early what tortures monarchies and religions have inflicted on our predecessors." And at the close of the political discussion a speaker lamented that the cholera had not come to Paris, for if it had, he said, the social revolution would have been effected.

—

The colors of papers and ink, says a scientific writer, are far more responsible for defective eyesight than cross-lights from opposite windows, light shining directly in the face, insufficient light, or small type. If these were remedied, the principal cause of the mischief would still remain, the real root of the evil being the universally-used black ink and white paper. These, says the writer in question, are ruining the sight of all the reading nations. He argues that the rays of the sun are reflected by a white body, and absorbed by a black one, and that we print our newspapers and books in direct opposition to the plainest correct principles of optical science.

—

The demand for stimulants is more general in this country than it has been in our past history. Hundreds of thousands of good temperance people, who would die before they would use liquor, are resorting to opium, chloral, bicarbonates and phosphates. When a man feels badly he takes aromatic spirits of ammonia, bicarbonate of soda, or some new-fangled phosphate. Some men load themselves with quinine. Every day new nerve stimulants are advertised, and people take them as freely as water. We are trifling with our nerves, and there is no excuse for it. All that we have to do when we find we are living too fast is to put on the brakes and exercise a little common sense about matters of diet and rest.

—

Between Damascus and Jerusalem is a tribe of about three thousand Hebrews, which has been there probably since the beginning of the Christian era. They have neither city nor town; they live in camps. The temple is represented by a more spacious tent. They have never admitted among them a person of different race or religion. Their ordinary language is Hebrew. In their relations with others they speak Arabian. These relations, however, are very few, for they have remained like their primitive races, exclusively tillers of the soil and warriors. They cultivate the ground, armed from head to foot, always ready to defend their portion of earth, from which, with great difficulty, they derive a meagre sustenance. They live on little, and are content to thus live in the country which they have occupied for centuries.

—

A writer in a leading English periodical undertakes to discuss the causes of the great increase of brain disorders at the present day. He, of course, refers the chief part of insanity to drink and moral depravity, and finds that "the speed at which the world now travels" and the fierce competitions of modern life are responsible for a large share of the mental disease. But, in concluding his paper, he speaks of another cause as probably efficient in producing the unhappy result. That cause is the overthrow of man's religious faith and "the negation of accountability to a Supreme Power or the denial of allegiance to all beyond human laws." Those who have strong heads and are amid surroundings favorable to good morals, may play with such doctrines unharmed, he says, but how awful must be their effect upon "the ignorant and half educated, on the threshold of whose homes temptation perpetually lurks." There may be something in this. As insanity is often hereditary, should not laws be passed prohibiting the intermarriage of those whose ancestors had been afflicted with this dread disease?

THE SEA PINE.

BY T. C.

Sea Pine, sighing, singing,
Say, do you sing, or sigh
For gladsome gleams remembered
From days that are long gone by?

Sea Pine, singing, sighing,
Say, do you sigh or sing,
For gladsome gleams of sunshine
That coming years may bring?

From the depth of thy deepest sighing,
A strain of a yearning cry
Steals forth, despair defying,—
A song in thy saddest sigh.

As a bird on its fair way winging
Is followed by shadow along,
So thy song in its flight, by misgiving,—
A sigh in thy gladdest song.

Like thee, as my chords of being
Are swept by the winds of time,
The music has mingled meaning,—
A sigh, and a song, sublime.

Has my soul with thee communion,
Ah, seemingly soulless Pine!
Is there even a spirit within thee
That answers unto mine?

Are there notes in the song of either,
That both may understand,
Tuned to a like vibration
By the same Almighty Hand?

What Came of It.

BY FRANK ABELL.

WHEN I think of the selfishness, coarseness and brutality of men, I wonder how any woman could endure the best of them for a minute," said Miriam Tracy, addressing three of her estimable friends and schoolmates whose names were respectively Nellie Adair, Edith Ramsay, and Bella Middleton.

Miriam's companions, as usual, agreed with her entirely.

"I'll tell you what we'll do!" said Miss Adair, suddenly. "Let's form a society for the repression of men! We can snub them whenever we get a chance, and we can induce other girls to do the same thing. Men ought to be kept down, and if girls would stand by each other, they could do it."

"Yes," said Miss Middleton, "but, of course, we're not going to stop dancing with them."

"Oh, certainly not! Of course not!" cried the others, in chorus.

This important point having been settled, all entered into the plan with enthusiasm, and the society was organized on the spot. Miriam was elected president, and the title adopted was "R. O. M." It was also determined that their next meeting should take place early in October, at the house in London where they then were, at which time they could report what had been done during the summer, and introduce any new members who might wish to join the heroic band of man-repressers.

It was then about the middle of June, and the other three ladies were spending the day with Miss Adair before separating for the summer. It was while talking over their "first season out" that they had arrived at such an unfavourable conclusion about the opposite sex.

A few days afterwards, Miriam and her mother went to a seaside resort. The huge portico of their hotel looked rather bare as the fly brought them to the door. A few men sat in groups here and there, puffing out clouds of tobacco-smoke, and staring at the new arrivals. Another, who was leaning against a pillar and not smoking, looked up lazily, with half-closed eyes. As his glance fell upon Miriam the drooping lids were quickly raised, and he gave her one swift but keen and intense look. The next instant he looked down again, and appeared as listless as before. She had glanced in his direction just in time to perceive that he was looking at her intently, but did not see that he immediately lowered his eyes.

"What a very impudent man!" she thought, marching past him full of indignation.

From her window, soon afterwards, she described three large, flat rocks on the beach, and she promised herself a delightful time there with her book as soon as the sun was low enough in the west. When the time came she provided herself with a copy of Goldsmith's poems, and, as her mother was too tired to accompany her, went out alone. One of the rocks was higher than the others, and, to anyone approaching from that side, hid them from view. She ran up this rock, but almost recoiled as she reached its top. On the other side, reclining at full length, with his head on his hand, was this man she had noticed on the hotel porch that morning. He looked at her with the same swift intenseness as before, and then instantly directed his gaze towards the sea.

He could hardly be called a handsome man. He was tall, but not very well formed or well proportioned.

Yet his features were good, and his dark hazel eyes were full of intelligence, though his ordinary listless expression usually kept this from being perceptible.

He seemed to be at least thirty years old, and, though he did not look exactly *blasé*, had the air of one whose interest in life was not at all strong.

Miriam walked towards the water, a little embarrassed and annoyed, and, at the same time, half amused.

"I see this man is to be my rock ahead," she said to herself.

Just then, turning round to look at a shell she had passed, she became aware that he had left the rocks, and was walking off in the direction opposite to the one he had taken. Then she began to feel sorry she had driven him away.

"He looked so comfortable!" she thought. "I wish I hadn't come while he was there."

Still, as he showed no signs of return or even looking back, she soon installed herself in the place he had left.

For about ten minutes she sat there, watching the sunset light as it gilded and crimsoned the clouds on the horizon across the waves. Then a quick step on the rocks attracted her attention, and looking round, she saw a waiter at her side, holding out the little book she had carried when left she the hotel.

"Oh, thank you!" said Miriam. "Where did you find it?"

"A gentleman sent it."

Then, before she could ask any further questions, he hurried away. She was not long in making up her mind that the man she had called her "rock ahead" had found the book, seen her name in it, and sent it to her by the waiter, cautioning him not to tell her who had sent it. As she and her mother were the only guests who had arrived at the hotel on that day, he could easily have found out her name by consulting the hotel register. She was half inclined to think he had been somewhat officious, but her sense of justice soon made her acknowledge that he must have intended to oblige her without letting her know it.

The next morning, while she was walking on the beach, she saw a woman standing beside a child's carriage in which was a little girl about four years old. Coming nearer, she saw that the child was withered and shrunken from disease. Its face seemed preternaturally old, and in its large dark eyes there was a look that was like the shadow of death. Her heart ached as she looked at the patient little white face, with traces of pain in every line, and at the sad, quiet eyes, telling such a piteous story of tortured babyhood. She went up to the little girl and tried to speak to her. But her heart seemed to come up into her throat, and she found it impossible to say a word. The child gazed at her for a moment, and then turned away its face, without any change in its expression.

"Speak to the lady, Katie," said the nurse.

"Oh, no, don't worry her, please!" exclaimed Miriam, hastily.

Feeling sure it would be useless for her to try to attract and interest the child, she was turning to go away, when she suddenly saw its face light up in a way she would not have believed to be possible. Leaning forward excitedly, it stretched out its little, thin hands, and with a faint, quivering voice, cried, "Oh, Dallin! Dallin!"

Miriam looked around to see who had wrought such a change. It was her *bete noire!*

Nothing could, before that moment, have made her believe that a man's face could look as his did then. She had never seen a woman show more gentleness and tenderness. And yet his infinite pity was so well cloaked by a quiet brightness and delicately tempered gaiety that it could not possibly repel its object, as she was afraid hers had done. He was leaning against a pier about four yards away, smiling and kissing his hand to Katie, but showing no intention of coming nearer.

Miriam instantly divined that her presence kept him away, and so continued her walk up the beach. She soon returned to the hotel, feeling humbler than she had ever done before. For years she had been ardently longing to be like Florence Nightingale, who was her ideal woman; and now, when just such an opportunity as she had been wishing for had really come, she had found herself absolutely helpless, while a "coarse, brutal and selfish" man had shown himself able to do without any apparent effort what it was her chief ambition to achieve.

The next morning Mrs. Tracy received a letter which pleased and amused her, but at the same time gave her some concern.

"It's from your Aunt Griselda, Miriam," said she, after reading the letter. "I wish all her cats had taken themselves into a serious illness before that idea occured to her. But after all, she is a darling old thing. I suppose we must make up our minds to endure the infliction as gracefully as we can."

"Aunt Griselda" was an ancient lady whose boundless kindness of heart did not prevent her imagining that all strangers of the male sex were leagued in a conspiracy to defraud and maltreat her. Recalling this peculiarity, and remembering her own late declaration of war against men, Miriam felt the blood rush to her cheeks, and then laughed as she wondered whether she would develop into a second Aunt Griselda. She was beginning to take much less interest in the R. O. M. Society than she had done a few days before. In fact, she was a little ashamed of her connection with it.

When the old lady and her paraphernalia arrived, she proceeded to entertain her niece and grand-niece with an eloquent account of her tribulations on the way.

"I really don't know how I would have got here," she said, "if it hadn't been for a gentleman who was standing on the railway platform when I arrived, and who came to my assistance. I suppose he was struck with my appearance. He very politely carried my things, helped me into the fly, and saw that the driver attended to my baggage. I made the gentleman give me his card. Mr. Dollman his name is. A perfect gentleman, my dears, and an extremely handsome man. I shall certainly introduce him to you, Miriam, if we see him here."

"Oh, no, auntie, please don't do that!" said Miriam. "Perhaps Mr. Dollyman would rather not know me.'

"Nonsense!" replied Miss Griselda. "Of course he would be delighted to know you."

With the prospect of a forcible introduction before her eyes, she tried to conceive what sort of person her aunt's new friend was. The statement that he was handsome went for nothing, for she knew by experience that Miss Griselda's ideas of manly beauty were somewhat peculiar.

"At any rate," she thought, "he must be very good-natured, and I suppose he's a stout, elderly married man."

Just then her aunt, who was walking about the room and arranging her property to suit her own notions, exclaimed, "Why, there's Mr. Dollman now, out there in that little shed! Good gracious! what does the man want with all those children around him? Why, they'll smother him? Well, did anybody ever see such a state of things?"

Miriam looked out of the window, and in a small pavilion behind the hotel she saw a man sitting—or, more properly lounging—on a bench, with five little girls leaning on his shoulders, holding his hands, and listening intently to what he was telling them. One glance showed her that "Mr. Dollman and her *bete noire* was one and the same person.

"Well, if that isn't the funniest thing!" continued Miss Griselda, pursuing her train of thought. "I thought men always hated to have a crowd of children bothering them like that; but it's easy to see he likes it. Wouldn't he be a good man to have in our Sunday-school, now?"

"Auntie," said Miriam, "will you let me look at Mr. Dollman's card, please?"

"Yes, Rosebud, if I can find it," said the old lady. "It's among my things somewhere. Oh, here it is!"

She drew the card out of her luncheon-basket, and handed it to Miriam. It was a small, unpretending piece of pasteboard, on which was inscribed in very plain characters, "Frederick Dalmayne."

The company at the hotel was now increasing very much, and one evening the ball-room was well filled with dancers. Two men whom Miriam had met during the winter had arrived that day, and after she had danced with them they were kept busy by their friends, who wished to be presented to her. She found herself a decided belle, and as she was extremely fond of dancing, she had a very pleasant time.

As she sat with her mother and aunt, she saw Dalmayne making his way towards them through the surrounding array of wallflowers. His intention was so evident, and her withdrawal would have been so conspicuous, that she did not attempt to escape, and his presentation took place in due form. He talked to the other ladies for a few minutes, and then turning to Miriam, said, "You seem to be very fond of dancing Miss Tracy."

"Yes," she answered. "There are very few things I enjoy more."

"Although I dance execrably myself, and very seldom do it at all," he said "yet I have to sit in a ball-room and look on. Are you going to dance this evening?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad to hear it.'

"Why?"

"Because I like to see you dance."

There was nothing in his manner or expression to indicate that he meant to be familiar, and she felt that he was perfectly sincere in expressing his enjoyment of her dancing.

Her partner for the first waltz came to claim her almost immediately, and she left Dalmayne talking to her mother.

She did not see him again during that evening, but she had a strong suspicion that he was sitting somewhere among the lookers-on and watching her.

Time went on.

Dalmayne seldom talked to Miriam much when anyone else was with them, but every now and then he would come and sit down at her side when she happened to be alone, and then the listlessness of his ordinary manner would almost entirely disappear.

He was not addicted to small talk or society gossip, and always expressed himself with the utmost directness.

But this freedom from anything like a distinct "society-manner" suited her taste exactly, and was a relief to her, after the wearisome frothiness of the men with whom she danced.

They very often disagreed in their opinions, but he never bored her, and she always found what he said worth remembering and considering.

His sincerity was clearly apparent in all he said and did, and her own perfect frankness and honesty made her find deep satisfaction in his.

One afternoon Miriam was sitting in her favorite place on the rocks when he approached and took a seat at her side.

"Mrs. Tracy tells me you are going to town next week," he said. "Shall you be glad to go?"

"I hardly know," she answered. "I suppose the enjoyment we are likely to find in public places depends chiefly on our surroundings and on the people we meet."

"And on ourselves, too, I think," said he. "I remember being here for the first time when I was eight years old. I almost believed that Robinson Crusoe's island was just beyond the horizon there, and every thing I found on the beach gave me such delights as I have never known since. I can hardly understand, now, how I could ever have felt such an intense interest in life, or had such perfect faith in everything I heard or read."

The tone of his voice, as well as what he said, impressed her with a deep sense of his regret for the death of his boyish faith and earnestness.

"Have you lost faith in everything?" she asked.

"Very nearly, I'm afraid. But you have not. It's easy to see that—even in your dancing. You dance as if you believed in it. You would have made a very good crusader."

Miriam thought of her projected crusade against man, and its ignominious ending.

"I'm afraid my faith in myself is a little too strong, and my faith in others a little too weak."

"You'll get over that when you're older," he replied. "It is a stage that all men and women with much force of character have to go through."

"You're not one of those men who consider women too far inferior to themselves to be placed in the same category?"

"Inferior? Why, I have known so many women who are far beyond me in everything I should like to be, that, if I were to take myself as a fair specimen of the male sex, I should say the inferiority was on the other side."

"This man certainly doesn't need repressing," thought Miriam. "He seems to stand more in need of encouragement."

At that instant a little girl came running over the rocks, and instantly enfolded Dalmayne in a close embrace.

"Oh, here you are!" she cried. "I have been looking for you everywhere. It's so lonesome when I haven't got you. I don't like children, and there isn't a big dog anywhere about here."

Dalmayne passed his arm around the child's waist, and drew her down beside him, saying to Miriam—

"This is Miss Caroline Thornton, one of my most intimate friends."

Miss Thornton suddenly sat very erect and looked earnestly at Miriam.

"What's that lady's name?"

"Miss Tracy."

"But what's her first name?"

A peculiar expression came over the man's face, and he said quickly, "Carrie, look at that big fish out there in the water! There goes another, just behind it. They are porpoises."

"Yes, I know," said Carrie. "You told me about the corpuses yesterday."

Then she rose from her seat and stood in front of Miriam, gazing at her with the same solemn intentness as before. At last she said—

"Is your name Miriam?"

"Yes, Miriam is my name," said the young lady, beginning to take in the true meaning of the matter, and turning red and pale in quick succession.

"That's what he is always writing in the sand with his cane," said Carrie. "Are you his sweetheart?"

Before she could frame any reply, Dalmayne said quietly. "No, Carrie, she's not my sweetheart. But I should be a very happy man if she would let me be something more than that." He turned his face towards Miriam, and said, "Will you?"

To many women the very abruptness of this proposal would have induced a negative answer.

But Miriam knew he was too much in earnest to use many words, and if he had proposed in any other way she would have taken it less favorably.

They looked at each other in silence for a few moments, and then she said "Yes."

Carrie stood gazing at them for a little while, well aware that they had entirely forgotten her existence. Then she turned away and said, "Well, I suppose I'll have to try to find a big dog."

"Come back, Carrie; come back!" cried Miriam, laughing, yet with a little quiver in her voice.

But Carrie walked stolidly away.

About four days afterwards she might have been seen playing on the beach with a huge Newfoundland dog, both of them nearly wild with excitement, and on the dog's collar was inscribed, "Miss Caroline Thornton. From Miriam."

On the appointed day in October, soon after Miriam's return, she went to the house where the R. O. M. Society was to hold its second meeting.

She found Misses Adair and Ramsay waiting for her, and immediately noticed that they both looked very nervous and uncomfortable.

To cut the story short, the three young ladies found that each was engaged to be married.

"Then I suppose the R. O. M. Society may be considered dissolved," said Miriam, laughing. "But I wonder why Belle does not come!"

"Oh, by the way, here's a letter for you, with her monogram on it," said Miss Adair. "It came this morning. Let's hear what she says."

Miriam opened the letter and read as follows—

"DEAR GIRLS,—It will be impossible for me to come to the meeting, as I am desperately busy getting ready for my bridal tour on the Continent. Mr. Dyndly is so impatient to be married that I agreed to have the wedding as soon as possible.

"But I intend to 'repress' him systematically, and I hope that when you are all married you will treat your husbands in the same way.

"Ever yours

"B. M."

"I have no doubt she will do what she says as far as she is able," said Miriam. "But I'm afraid men are not the only people who need repressing. For my own part, I hope that when I'm married my husband will help me to repress myself."

The Wreck of the Dingle.

BY A. H. BALDWIN.

WHAT a night it was! Dark as Erebus, with a dead heavy heat in the air. We had come into Leeport at seven P.M., and it was now ten o'clock at night. Our cargo was discharged, and we expected to sail in two hours with a fresh cargo in the ship.

She was a screw-steamship, over three hundred tons burden, schooner rigged, built of iron of the best material, and owned by men who spared no expense to keep their ships in good position.

Our captain, old William Saunders, was the commodore of our fleet. He had sailed in larger ships, and been employed by bigger companies; but, in his advancing years, he preferred a coasting trade, and wished to be near his family, and, at least once in every week, to have his own comfortable house under his lee.

We all loved him, and believed in him; and outside our love for him and belief in him was his reputation, built up and sustained through his many years, of being as good a seaman as ever trod a plank.

About ten o'clock I went down to the quay. I had been enjoying myself at the Anchor with some other men who go down to the sea in ships. It was an hotel frequented by men like me.

It was all light within and the flashing of glass, and, when I got out into the street, it was complete darkness. The long lines of the gas-lamps skirting the river looked like so many brilliants set in a black body.

The light from the shop windows penetrated the darkness only for a short distance, but was sufficient to enable me to make out my ship without trouble.

All was bustle onside and aboard. Men were running in bales of goods on trucks for shipment. Angry voices disputed about prior claims.

The ceaseless creaking of the donkey-engines, and the hissing of their steam, told that time was pressing.

And it was a mystery how all the busy forms, scudding hither and thither in the uncertain light, amidst all the turmoil, and the rush, and the tumult of this small centre of commercial passion, could escape unscathed.

But there they were, rushing from ship to shore, over bending creaking planks, over a tide strong enough to sweep away men like so many straws; and they did not seem to think there was any danger.

I went on board to see that my position in the machinery of management was in proper order. Having satisfied myself, I went on the bridge.

A curious change. There was a rush in the air that I could perceive, but not feel. Everything felt fresher.

Immediately there was a motion, not direct, but up and down the mast; and then, after half an hour, a pretty steady breeze came along from the south-west.

The breeze made it easier to endure the dead heat of the air, but the heat was there. The glass was going down with a rush.

Standing on the bridge I saw the lights of the Firefly, a coasting steamer, coming up. I stepped ashore and walked up to her mooring stage.

When she had come alongside, I formed my hands into a speaking-trumpet and shrieked out, "Skipper of the Firefly on the bridge?" "Ay," came back; "who asks?" "Dingle," I replied; "how is it outside?" "A fearful sea on, and the wind freshening up to a gale."

When I reached the Dingle again, there was a great change. The wind was going through the rigging with a sharp angry whistle, and the tide had an impatient hungry lap as it struck against the ship.

When our cargo was nearly in, I went down to the cabin to see after things in general.

I was told that there were a few soldiers in the steerage, going home, I supposed, on furlough.

I knew that they were either ashore, waiting for the whistle, or smoking about the ship.

I was anxious to have a look at our cabin passengers. Our saloon light was not a brilliant one, and the appearance of the cabin seemed to be affected by the gloom prevailing outside. Movements and voices on each side told me that some people were looking after their berths.

In the cabin were a young married couple, plainly but decently dressed, the woman carrying an infant in her arms.

When I entered, they suddenly ceased what I could see had been a lively discussion. After a short silence, and then some whispering, the man came towards me and said,

"We have taken steerage tickets, sir. I should like my wife to remain in the cabin. Will you be good enough to tell us what will be the additional expense?"

"Ten shillings for one," I answered, "one pound for two."

He went back again. I sat at the table writing. There was a short and animated debate.

They were poor. The husband would go in the steerage, and the wife and babe would be snug in the cabin. The wife would not have it. If she was to be in comfort, so should he; and then the infant cried and closed the debate.

The child appeared to be convulsed. The father got frightened, and asked me if they would have time to take it to a doctor nearly opposite the ship.

I said I thought they would have a quarter of an hour at least. I went on deck after them. They were not one minute enough when the order was given to haul away the gangways, let go the moorings, and the screw was raising a white foam astern, and the Dingle was under weigh. I could see the man running on the stage, followed by the wife and her infant, and I could hear the woman wailing that they had lost the boat.

Alas for the fortune of life! They knew where they were. Neither they nor we knew our destination.

"Freshening up to a gale," said the skipper of the Firefly.

Ay, sure enough it was. It came along, not in squalls, short, sharp, and furious, but in sustained and terrible force.

Before nearing the mouth of the harbor the rising tide brought the crushing weight of the outside sea on us.

It crashed against our bows, came at us now on the port side, and then on the starboard; and before we cleared the headlands and faced the great waters outside, the interior of that small black speck called the Dingle was made very uncomfortable.

From side to side we rolled, and up came the wind; every blast more angry, and the fury of it increasing.

I had been out in storms, and carried my life through nights and days of trouble at sea.

The one thing that caused me uneasiness on the Dingle this night was the sustained force of each rise of the tempest, and the rush with which it was coming from the sea to the land. A terrible twenty-four hours were certain on our waters.

We had now cleared the harbor and were heading to the eastward. The gale was coming from about S.W.; we were on a lee shore; and it would take us all our time and all our steam to make a stand-up fight against the storm.

Our deck cargo was pretty well stowed. We had some barrels, well lashed round, abaft the main hatch.

Four unfortunate horses were in stalls amidships, and a few sheep and oxen were penned or tied on the deck from 'midships for'ard.

Our cargo down below was light for the carrying power of the Dingle, and, consisting principally of flour and bacon, it was well stowed and steady.

So that, although we had to fight the storm and work off a lee shore, for old seadogs it seemed only a hard night at sea, and in the morning another opportunity of astonishing the natives over the troubles and the trials of the deep.

But the passengers! For them it was, indeed, different.

We were now forging ahead, trying to put as much water between us and the land as possible, and providing, as well as we could, an offing for headlands that ran into the sea some miles ahead.

I went down to see how matters were in the cabin.

The passengers were all out in the saloon—some suffering the ordinary penalty of a sea trip, some crouching in terror on the cushions, and all, with one exception, in abject fear. This exception was a young lady.

She was kneeling, holding on by one of the fixed seats, praying, and apparently calm.

My sea legs carried me round. I kept close to each passenger as I passed, but, save the lady, not one of them spoke.

There was a wistful hunger in their eyes, and fear and sea-sickness paralysed their tongues.

As I passed, the lady said:

"Are we in danger, sir?"

"There is always danger at sea," I answered; "but, if our ship holds good, we have a skipper and a crew second to none in this kingdom, and I, for one, see no reason for losing courage."

"God's will be done," I heard her say as I went up to stand in the face of the darkness and the storm again.

There was no change in the weather. The gale was blowing with unabated fury on our starboard side.

Our proximity to the shore threw us occasionally into a nasty cross sea, but, for the most part, the sea was with the wind.

"We are making no headway," said the skipper, when I got on the bridge. "It will take us all our time to weather the Head. We are regularly jammed on a lee shore."

He was quite right. We could see the light on the headland. Our position was now one of extreme peril.

Wind and tide were against us, crushing us in on the shore, and our lives depended on weathering the projecting land.

The skipper was watching, with intense eagerness, for any little lull in the hurricane.

If he could get five minutes' fair play, with the ship's head out to sea, it would make all the difference in the world to us. After a while such a lull came.

"Hard-a-port!" shouted the skipper. "Hard-a-port it is, sir," came from the wheel.

The Dingle answered at once. Round came her head to the point from which the gale came.

The movement seemed well selected; the movement appeared successful; but, like many other well-planned schemes, it ended in disappointment and disaster.

A furious squall struck us on the starboard bow, sending us right over almost on our beam ends, and forcing our head back again.

Just as the ship was trying to right herself there came up after us a roaring mountain of water, bursting in tons over the stern, completely pooping us, smashing away the rails, sweeping the captain's cabin clean off the deck, twisting the davits like twigs, knocking our boats into staves, filling every place with water, and bringing wreck and ruin in its train.

Such of the sheep as were not swept away were swimming about the deck below us, getting maimed and killed by the barrels and other wreckage knocking everywhere about.

And now confusion became worse confounded. It seemed as if the waves lived and were hungry for our lives, they rushed upon us with such persistent fury.

And occasionally, as if exhausted by their violence, they would suddenly subside, leaving a yawning gulf under our bows, and the poor Dingle would plunge down into the abyss, and, after a violent struggle emerge, vibrating in every plate and in every plank.

It looked as if things could not be worse. But we soon found that we had not exhausted the catalogue of our calamities.

In our perplexity there came a crashing sound, and away went the mainmast.

Down over the side hung the wreck, and there, in our stress and our danger, was this horrible mass dragging along beside us in the storm, and tearing the side out of our ship.

At a word out rushed the crew to cut it away. How they did it in the storm and the rain I know not; but when the labouring ship was just freed from the lumber, a shriek came from the sea. I looked and saw a white face going over the crest of a wave. Poor fellow, the storm made his children orphans!

The struggle was long and fierce; and now, as the morning light began to creep through the thickness of the haze, we could plainly see the black outline of the land stretching out before us.

"Our lives are on it," said the skipper. "We must face it."

"I see no other chance, sir," said I.

"Hard-a-port!" shouted the old man; and a strong stern voice from the wheel answered, "Hard-a-port it is, sir!"

How people ashore will undervalue us seamen! They know us only as we are cast upon their quays, smelling of tar and bilge water, and wild to stretch our legs after our confinement and our dangers.

They never think of our struggles; they cannot realise our fight against the hurricane, in the dead darkness of the night, with only a plank between us and death. I do not want to say that we are heroes, though some of us occasionally do heroic deeds, and make no talk about them.

But, taking a pride in my profession as I do, knowing that it requires ability and study even to understand the work of a navigator, and, further, that it requires the nerve and the heart of a man to put that knowledge into practice in the face of the tempest and the rage of the sea, I have often felt indignant at the way we sailors are, in many instances, undervalued and look askance at.

But now we had our head to sea, looking straight in the face of the storm. The tide was ebb—it was with us; the only piece of luck since the commencement of this unfortunate voyage.

I crushed my cap firmly down about my ears, grasped the rail of the bridge, and stood to watch how our only hope, the Dingle, would act in our emergency.

The steam drove her at the waves and the wind; the machinery strained and the ship strained; everything was creaking. The wonder is that nothing gave way.

The haze had now lifted, and we could clearly see the mainland astern, and the piece of land running out to sea on our port side.

Crowds of people were collected at various points. We could see flags waving and other signs, meant, doubtless, as signals to warn us of our danger and help us out of it.

But, knowing our position and the danger we were in, our feelings—my feelings, at least—were of thankfulness and gratitude that, in our extremity, we could see such crowds of our fellows participating in our anxiety and painfully anxious for our safety.

The struggle was severe, but it ended in our favor. We got a little out to sea, and weathered the headland, leaving it about half a mile on our port side. And now we had a fair offing and time to think.

The storm continued with fury unabated, but we had got used to it: in fact, were in a position to rub our hands, look to windward and leeward, give opinions on the weather, and settle down on the question, "What is to be done next?"

"I think," said the skipper, "we had better go below for a short time, and have a look at the chart."

And then Mr. Jones, our second mate, came on the bridge and took charge.

At about five P.M. we made the harbor, and the head of the Dingle turned for what we fondly hoped would be a haven of rest. It proved to be so for many of us.

We had just rounded the headland when we fell in with a very heavy sea. It was where the waters from the ocean and the inland waters meet.

The sea was rolling round us literally in mountains. After two or three terrific blows our ship seemed to be lifted sky-high out of the water.

I was standing beside the captain on the bridge.

Down she came, as if falling from a precipice, crashing into the trough of the sea. Something had happened. What it was I knew not; but I stood as if petrified.

For a moment the captain stood also, rigid as a statue. The ship rolled upon the waters like a log.

All vibration and straining had ceased; the long fight had ended; the hurricane had at last got its prey, and the storm raged and roared around us now in triumph.

There, in the gathering darkness, my poor old captain quietly and reverently removed the cap from his head.

The storm blew his gray hairs about his temples. Calmly raising his eyes to the sky, he said,

"Great God, the winds and the sea obey You! Save my perishing people; for now we are helpless on the waters. To Thy hands I commend them!" And then, turning to me, he said, "The shaft is broken!"

Just then the second engineer scrambled up on the bridge, and confirmed the awful announcement.

The shaft was broken!

Our propelling power was gone, and all our machinery was paralysed. No time was lost in talk.

There was no fear in the heart of the old man; he realised all—his danger and his resources.

Up with the jib and shake out the foresail, and try to get steerage-way on!

No sooner were the sails set than sounds like the crackling of a hundred muskets resounded through the ship. The gale had torn the canvas into ribbons.

"I thought so," said my old commander; "it is another chance gone. We must now depend on the anchors."

And now let us see how we lay. We had just entered the harbor of Blankford. On our port side and to the westward was a low land, thickly populated with a people accustomed to a sea life, and at its outer extremity a coastguard station. Over this land came the gale.

On the other side, to which we should drift, unless our anchors or a miracle saved us, was an iron-bound shore. The shoreline was covered with rocks, and the rocks were sharp as razors.

In the first moment of our great distress there was a gleam of hope. Our trouble was seen and understood on shore. Rockets shot up into the murky sky, and all people were warned that in the harbor there was a ship laboring in dire distress.

Slowly and surely we drifted before the wind to destruction—on and on towards the rocks and the surf.

There was a life-boat higher up the harbor, a horrible sham, for it could be of no use where it was.

This life-boat in the harbor of Blankford cannot be considered either ornamental or useful. It cannot work down against a southerly gale; and it is with southerly gales that nineteen out of every twenty wrecks occur there.

Why it was ever placed where it is, and why kept there, is more than ordinary people can understand. But there it was this night, to raise hopes and disappoint them. There were wistful eyes looking out over the angry water for the life-boat, but no life-boat was to be seen.

And now we could see that preparations were being made to aid us on the shore towards which we were drifting.

Lights sparkled on the cliffs, and the rockets sent up in answer to our signals of distress told us that the coastguards were on the spot.

It was now simply a matter of drifting: we were powerless. Ashore we should go unless our anchors held us. We watched eagerly for this, our last chance.

Our crew behaved admirably; they saw the danger, and looked it straight in the face.

Now, when no life on board was worth an hour's purchase, commands were obeyed with the same order and alacrity as if we were steaming along for port on a calm day.

The poor passengers—all except the lady—were in a sad plight. The lady kept calm, showing no trace of excitement or fear. Looking back on it, I am convinced that the most nervous human being, when the trying hour comes, under like circumstances, can face the inevitable with a brave dignity.

There were pale faces amongst our passengers. When they comprehended the danger they watched each movement with intense anxiety; but they were quiet and calm, and they looked at death without complaining.

There was no mistaking the fear at their hearts—ay, and, I suppose, the love too. There were fathers there, and husbands; and some were leaving brothers and sisters whom they loved.

What lives were there, of love and of ambition, of plans for the future, and glorious projects to be realised in an honored and a ripe old age; and all to be smothered and ended this night in the harbor of Blankford!

When we came within half a mile of the shore we determined to let go the anchors.

Down they both went, port and starboard, and the ship was chucked right round with her head to the gale.

She was steady for a second or two: but, as we came full round, she rose and plunged with the stress of wind and water; and then, like a restive steed impatient of restraint, she rose and plunged again, and one cable snapped like a cord, and the second anchor dragged, and held again, and the second cable snapped. And now there was no hope for the Dingle.

Along the line of coast we could see port fires, coastguard lights, moving hither and thither.

We could see figures moving in the dim light: and we were drifting before the furious weather nearer and nearer to the terrible rocks—nearer and nearer to the deadly embrace of the hungry sea.

I stood beside the captain on the bridge, and with us was Mr. Jones, our second mate.

As we approached the shore the sea became wild to fury. Suddenly a great wave seized us. It lifted the ship like a cork, and then flung it with a giant's strength on the rocks.

A cliff, straight as a rule, rose above our heads. I heard the horrible crunching

sound as we struck, and then all was blank to me.

When I recovered consciousness it seemed an age; it was scarcely a minute. I saw my brave old captain on the bridge with the second mate. They shook hands, and then embraced, and then a wild roar of the tempest, and they were gone.

Swept out also was the lady who prayed the night before that God's will might be done.

She was a brave lady, and I could not restrain my tears when I saw her die, so calmly and so quietly meeting the inevitable without a murmur.

And what had happened to me? I must have been shot like a stone from a catapult from the bridge into a crevice of the cliff. There I lay, nearly dazed, my ship grinding and grating on the rocks near me, and my shipmates perishing under my eyes. Their struggle was short.

Their cries for a while were frantic, but the ship was soon torn to pieces. The last cry was soon drowned in the roar of the sea, and I thought that I was the only one reserved for further agony.

Not more eager and frantic were the cries below than the cries above me. The light from the cliff streamed down on the water. Loud cries reached me through the tempest.

The voices came and went, and I lay still. The cliff was like a wall above me and below me, and I lay suffering and bruised in the wet crevice of the rock.

To my surprise I heard something moving slowly with a clanking sound against the face of the rock and coming towards me. I waited, and on it came. What could it be?

No living man could be on the face of that rock. When the sound came near me I saw a weight at the end of a rope moving along the cliff.

Great God! with the instinct of dwellers by the sea, these poor people were fishing, as a last resource, for any survivor there might be from the wreck of the Dingle!

When the rope reached me I took it in my hand and tugged it. There was a pause, and I tugged it again.

And then, out from the rocks above, out into the face of the storm, there went a wild exultant cheer—a fellow-creature had been snatched from the jaws of death.

It took me very little time to hitch the rope around me, and I was hauled up, and soon I found myself, weak, weary, and exhausted, lying in the heather on the brow of the cliff.

When my strength returned a little, I was assisted to a farmer's house near, and there, to my surprise, I found three of my shipmates.

How they escaped they could not well tell. One said that he [illegible] from the cliff, but the [illegible] struck it several times against the [illegible] water.

The others knew nothing. They found themselves, nearly stunned, in the hands of the country people, and that was about all they knew.

A great fire was blazing on the hearth, and stimulants and such restoratives as were within reach were administered to us.

The kindly treatment and the genial warmth soon restored us, and we sat in the light of the fire, trying to satisfy the inquisitiveness of our host, and with hearts sad and heavy for the casualty which had so suddenly extinguished the lives of our twenty-six fellow-voyagers. But we were too exhausted to move out during the night.

Numbers of people, [illegible] and the news [illegible] and to our inquiries [illegible] was saved, the answer was [illegible] We were the only survivors.

As the night wore on the storm, the fury of the wind and [illegible] the night before was [illegible] tively calm.

It sparkled and flashed in the sunlight, circled round the rocks gently, or rushed [illegible] But I [illegible] that the [illegible] that the people were [illegible].

There was a search [illegible] there were [illegible] that the people were putting.

There may have been a little property [illegible] removed, but it was very little.

And as the day advanced, and the tidings of our disaster were flashed on the wings over the kingdom, telegrams began to arrive.

There were anxious inquiries for fathers and sons and brothers, and the answer in every case was the sad one that they had perished.

Strange to say, no one asked about my fate, or the fate of the three poor seamen who escaped with me.

Towards evening the pain of the night before was again renewed. A woman of repulsive appearance came on the scene.

Her grief was most heartrending and painful. It had taken complete possession of her.

She would shake and shiver, and then a storm of tears would relieve her agony. She was in such a state that she could [illegible]

[illegible] spot where the ship broke up, she went and sat down on the brow of the cliff.

And then, such a scene of grief! I should like to see the human being who could witness it unaffected. She wailed down to the sea, but now looked so placid and so harmless, to give her back her child—her darling for whom she had put away [illegible]

[illegible] I could [illegible] who was the [illegible] but [illegible]

brave young girl who had faced her death with such calm dignity.

My sympathy went out to her, and I approached, to say, if opportunity offered, a word of consolation.

It seemed as if the intensity of her grief would take away her reason. She bitterly upbraided herself for being heartless, and causing the death of her child; and not only the death of her own child, but also of the infant who called that cold mother—her own grandchild.

And more still, she had brought destruction on the husband and the father, the man whom her daughter loved and married; and, because she did not approve of the marriage, she turned her daughter out on the cold world with upbraidings and anger.

And now they were all dead—dead in the seaweed!

I started at this talk. What a life it is! This woman's grief was for the living, and not for the dead. She was weeping for the man and his wife and child who were left behind at Leetport!

We had her conveyed to a house near, and the news was gently broken to her.

But the shock and the reaction were too great, and when I left the place she was still prostrate, but her daughter was with her.

For many days sad scenes were of hourly occurrence; but before I took my departure everything had assumed its ordinary appearance.

All trace of the Dingle [illegible], and the tide flood [illegible] regularly over the spot where such an appalling disaster had occurred.

A Terrible Night.

BY FRANK ABELL.

I was always fond of spending my holidays far away from the busy turmoil of city life, and am about to relate a night of terrible suspense which I passed in a farmer's house on my sudden tour. I was then only nineteen years of age, and had the vaguest ideas of rural life.

I was crossing one of the northern moors about the middle of September, when the heather was in full bloom. The sun was setting, and bathed the hills in a flood of golden light, producing an effect which, if committed to canvas, would have been ridiculed as impossible.

I was suddenly aroused from my reflections by the barking of a farmer's dog, and my approach was met by its owner, from whom I inquired the distance to the nearest public house.

"Seven miles by road, and four across country, as the crow flies," he exclaimed, in a brogue which I could scarcely understand.

This information made me feel somewhat uneasy, as I knew I could not cover either distance before dark.

However, after inquiring the direction of the shorter route, I decided to follow it, and take my chance.

I bade the farmer "good-evening," and started, scaring the grouse and sheep away before me as I went.

Darkness at length set in, and thereupon I deemed it advisable to make the best of my way to a light which flickered faintly in the distance, and which I supposed betokened the presence of some farmer's house. After being captured by the tangled sprigs of heather a few times, and occasionally walking up to my knees in bog, I arrived at the house, and made immediately for the door.

This, however, was well guarded by three or four shaggy-coated dogs, who taxed all my powers and those of my stout walking-stick in keeping them from the calves of my legs, to which they showed a [illegible]

To my relief, the farmer made his appearance, called them off, and ere long I was seated with his wife and four red-haired, burly sons in the kitchen, and sharing the frugal supper, which consisted of milk, oat-

After this repast I was shown by the farmer's wife to a rather small room over the kitchen.

I observed, meanwhile, that I was being closely scrutinized by both the farmer and his sons, half of whose conversation, I may add in passing, I found it impossible to understand.

In my little room hung a small, double-barrelled gun. This the farmer's wife took down, without any comment, and walked out of the room, simply bidding me "good-night" and closing the door behind her.

This incident made me feel rather uneasy, the more so as there was no lock on the door. The latter I gently opened, and listened to the voices below.

The members of the family were eagerly engaged in conversation, the subject of which I could scarcely make out, owing to their broad dialect, but I distinctly heard one of the sons exclaim:

"I will knock him on the head with a hammer."

Another said, in an agitated tone:

"No, you shan't do that; you might miss him. I will load the gun, which mother has brought down, and make sure work of

straighten and stand erect on my

Terror-stricken, I gently closed and crawled towards the [illegible] my dismay, it [illegible] the sash to

I [illegible] who was [illegible] but [illegible]

gently downstairs and make a dash for it. But when I thought of my frail strength as opposed to that of five brawny men, the infeasibility of this plan was at once apparent.

Driven to desperation, I dragged the creaky old bedstead as gently across the room as possible, and piling all the chairs on top of it, completely barricaded the doorway.

Shortly afterwards I heard four people come up the stairs and close the adjacent bedroom doors, muttering inaudibly the while.

The other two had, I concluded, stayed behind to execute the dark deed of which I was to be the victim. Quietly I sat on the bed; listening for my would-be murderers to mount the stairs.

My candle began to fail fast, and seemed to cast hideous shadows on the white-washed wall. Soon it flickered and died out entirely, leaving me in darkness, perched trembling on the side of the bed.

The terrible moments of suspense seemed like ages. Again and again I fancied I heard footsteps ascending the stairs. Hour after hour rang out dolefully from the old clock in the kitchen below.

At last the cock began to crow, and a faint light streaked in at my [illegible] window, indicating the break of day.

I knew two of the sons had stayed downstairs all night, as I had only heard the footsteps of four come up, and two of these I recognised to be the parents from their voices.

Presently, a noise in the kitchen and the sound of approaching footsteps aroused me to a sense of renewed anxiety. I could distinctly hear the ramrod go down the barrel of the old muzzle-loader.

"Now," thought I, "the work has begun in earnest," and I trembled like an aspen-leaf as someone mounted the stairs and began to bang at the bedroom door—not at mine, the adjoining one.

The farmer, his wife, and the other two sons, descended the stairs in quick succession, and began to stir about the house.

Soon I could hear nothing but the pattering clogs of the farmer's wife, and the rattling of the fire-irons as she made the fire.

I was perfectly puzzled now, not knowing what to do. I thought it best, however, to have a good wash and to get the bed and chairs back into their proper positions. I then tossed the bed-clothes about to make believe I had occupied the bed.

Just as I had finished, the farmer's wife knocked at my door and informed me that breakfast was ready.

I ventured cautiously down stairs, and after exchanging the usual courtesies with the good wife, learnt from her that her husband and sons had gone out to kill a vicious bull.

Immediately afterwards they came in, accompanied by two neighboring farmers, one of whom I recognised as the man I had met [illegible] noon the previous evening. [illegible] to help the farmer slay the ferocious animal, whose head resembled mine in being curly.

Hence my unfortunate mistake in supposing that my kind friends had an intention to murder me.

I now found out that I had occupied the bedroom of the two sons, who had slept in the kitchen in front of the hearth.

After partaking of a sumptuous breakfast of ham, eggs, and coffee, and thanking my friends for their kind hospitality, I bade them good-by, promising to call again next time I passed that way.

FORTUNE.—"All I desire," said Seneca, "is, that my poverty may not be a burden to others, or to myself;" and that is the best state of fortune that is neither directly necessitous nor far from it. A mediocrity of fortune, with a gentleness of mind, will preserve us from fear or envy, which is a desirable condition, for no man wants power to do mischief.

We never consider the blessing of covering nothing, and the glory of being full in ourselves without depending upon fortune. With parsimony, a little is sufficient, and, without it, nothing; whereas, frugality makes a poor man rich.

If we lose an estate, we had better not have had it; he that has least to lose has least to fear, and those are better satisfied whom fortune never favored than who she has forsaken. The state is most commodious that lies between poverty and plenty.

Diogenes understood this very well when he put himself into an incapacity of losing anything. That course of life is most commodious which is both safe and wholesome; the body is to be indulged no further than for health, and rather mortified than not kept in subjection to the mind.

It is necessary to provide against hunger, [illegible] to shelter us against other inconveniences [illegible] does it matter whether [illegible] marble. A man may lie [illegible]

[illegible] better to beg of one's self not to desire any thing, than of fortune to bestow it.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

Our Young Folks.

LITTLE HEROINE.

BY MARIAN HARLAND.

IT was two weeks before Christmas, and the big farmhouse on San Joaquin, usually so quiet, was all astir with hurry and excitement.

Mr. and Mrs. Fernley were going to make their annual visit to San Francisco; Mr. Fernley said to see about the grain, Mrs. Fernley said to buy their winter clothing, but all the children knew that the big box which papa and mamma always brought back with them was invariably filled full with Christmas presents.

When Almira was the only child, she was always taken to the city with them; and even after Johnnie and Kitty came, they could not be left behind; but now there were six of them, and Mrs. Fernley could not think of taking any but the baby with her. She had tried hard to get a woman to come and take care of them, but all the servants about there were Chinamen, and none she would trust.

"I'd a dent rather leave my little Mira to take care of the rest," she said. "She is such a little woman in her ways, [illegible] how to do for them as well, almost as I do."

Almira was only twelve, but she could [illegible] nothing, and was much more careful and thoughtful than most children at that age; she was tall and strong with round, rosy cheeks, and sparkling black eyes.

Mrs. Fernley did a great deal of cooking before she went, and arranged everything the very best that she could, so that Almira would have no trouble.

But when the morning came on which she was to set out for the city, her mother's heart began to fail, and she kissed her womanly little daughter a hundred times, promising her many pretty things for her [illegible].

"Be a little mother to them all, pet," she said. "Remember mother trusts you. Be careful of the lights and fires, and don't let Josie stray out in the wet."

Almira promised everything, and felt no fear as to her ability to manage at least as her mother; especially as all the children, even troublesome little Tommy, aged six, had promised to mind everything she had [illegible].

It was Monday morning when the start[illegible] and [illegible] back [illegible] early [illegible] stage drove off.

The first day everything went as well as possible; the children were good and happy; and the little mother got their dinner and [illegible] as well as the [illegible] could have done.

On Tuesday morning they woke up to find the rain pouring down as if it never meant to cease.

"O dear," said Almira, "I thought it rained enough last week. Well, it's no [illegible] getting up early; mamma said we [illegible] and besides, it's awful cold."

When they did get up, it was very late [illegible] before they sat down to their breakfast [illegible], for Ephraim, they could not be persuaded to [illegible] was not [illegible] two weeks old.

Johnnie put on his father's big rubber coat and went out and fed the poultry and the [illegible] old horse and cow. "Jingoes!" he exclaimed, as he came in, dripping and [illegible]. "Don't I wish father would [illegible] though!"

Almira did not feel very industrious that [illegible] but she remembered her mother's [illegible] and washed [illegible] dressed [illegible], [illegible] up the [illegible] between Kitty and Tommy, and another between Johnnie and [illegible], and did her best to make things pleasant.

They popped corn all the forenoon, and made molasses candy all the afternoon, and [illegible] to bed very early, at the suggestion of the little mother, who felt decidedly tired.

All the while, many times in the night [illegible] [illegible], pattering [illegible] on the shed roof, and [illegible] and felt glad to [illegible] that [illegible] was [illegible] were out in the [illegible] sorry for them [illegible] heart.

[illegible] there was courage [illegible] and got the dreary, [illegible].

[illegible], however, [illegible] but never [illegible] before how earnestly she could long [illegible] sight of her dear mother's and father's faces.

"This is the last night, Josie," she whispered, as she kissed the soft cheek of her baby sister, sleeping soundly on the pillow.

"Hush!" she called out to Johnnie and Tommy, who were having another "difference" in the next room. "Don't boys; this is the last night. To-morrow they will be here."

"Am't I glad, though," said Kitty, sleepily.

"Ain't I?" said Almira, with a [illegible] "Dear dear!" she thought, as she stood [illegible] "I should think the very [illegible] sky must be emptied by this time. It can't rain for ever, that's one comfort."

And still listening to the familiar sound, she crept into bed, her last thought being: "This is the last night."

Meanwhile, in another farmhouse, three or four miles away, no one closed an eye in sleep that stormy night, for the river was rising, and the father and mother who had been through one flood already, knew what a devouring monster of death and destruction the broad, placid San Joaquin could be.

By-and-by they saw a strange, shining something in the garden, which they had never seen there before, and the father and mother looked in each other's faces and steeled their strong hearts to be brave. Closer and closer it crept up to the door-step, under the door, and over the floors of the lower story.

One of the little children looked down the stairs and cried:

"Oh, mamma, the chairs are all floating around the room downstairs!

And another little child said:

"What is the matter, mamma? Why don't we go to bed?"

"Hush, dear, hush!" said the white-faced mother, holding the little questioner closer to her heart.

"Is the river in the house?" said the child. "Will we all be drowned in the house, mamma?"

"No, no; not unless God will it so;" said she, shuddering as she spoke, perhaps at the strange noises down stairs, as the water crept in everywhere, and set everything to floating.

By-and-by the father held his lantern over the stair, and shrank back amazed and [illegible].

[illegible] little mother began to pile tables and heavy pieces of furniture by the windows, and he taking one child, and she [illegible] other, they climbed on them, and looked out on the desolate waste of water which was spread before them.

It had stopped raining, that was the only comfort; the room was full of water, now, and from the top of the table where they sat one little child dabbled its hand in it, and asked again:

"Is the river in the house, mamma? Will we all be drowned?"

Then, after a long time—a fearfully long time it seemed to them, for the water was nearly up to the windows-sills — they saw lights, and heard shouting in the distance, and after a while a boat came up and they were saved.

The boat took them to a farmhouse four miles further away from the devouring river, and situated on higher land.

In it they found many men, women and children, their neighbors, who had been saved by the same brave men and stout boat that saved them.

Down-stairs, in the "best room" (they did not let the little children look in), there were two, a woman and a little child, whom they could not save. They had found them floating in their own garden, stiff and cold.

"Where are you going now?" asked the wife [illegible] of the men who had charge of the boat."

"Down by Brown's and over by Fernley's," answered the man, buttoning his great coat on him. "We would have gone to Fernley's afore, but we thought that all the folks had gone to the city; but now Leslie tells me that they only took the youngest child with them. I'm most afraid we're too late."

There were four of the Browns, watching, shivering and waiting for steamer; but when they were told that the Fernley children had not been brought off yet, Mr. Brown offered to stay and take his chances of being saved on the next trip.

"If Mary and the children only get to a safe place," he said, "I can stand it a while longer."

Then, just as the first gray day dawn began to appear in the east, they started for the Fernleys'.

"I'm afraid you're too late," said Mrs. Brown, clasping her little boy's hand closer in her own; "they're shocking near to the river, and then how do children know what to do? It was tempting Providence, I can but think, for Mrs. Fernley to go off that way and leave them little things. Like as not we'll find them dead in their beds."

"Well, well, we'll see," said the man, rowing steadily. "Fernley's oldest girl's got a heap of sense."

"Yes," said Mrs. Brown, "but Almira is only twelve. How can a child of twelve know what to do?"

"I wish we had gone there first," said he. "We would, if we'd only known the children was there."

Then nothing more was said, but the boat went swiftly and steadily on across the muddy water.

When Almira first fell asleep that night, with her arms around warm little Josie, she had slept very soundly; but, after an hour or two, she awoke, and somehow she could not go to sleep again.

She thought of and worried about a hundred things which she would not have thought of in the daytime.

Perhaps the hotel had taken fire, and mamma and papa and Willie were all burned; or the train would meet with some accident, and they would all be killed.

Then she fancied that she heard a strange noise below, and thought that perhaps some robber had broken in, or perhaps the fire was out in the kitchen stove, as she had thought, and the big kitchen might be on fire.

[illegible] took [illegible] her [illegible] [illegible], went down, [illegible] see [illegible] was [illegible].

"I must," she thought to herself, "for mamma trusted everything to me."

She had gone not more than half way down stairs, when "splash!" went her foot into the water. She went down another step, and another, but the water was up to her knees, and with a heart oppressed with a [illegible] she had never known before, she [illegible].

[illegible] rest, the little woman [illegible] what the danger was, and what she could do. [illegible] was [illegible], but Almira knew by instinct that it was for her to plan and manage, to save them if it was possible.

She knew what the danger was. Two or three times in the last few days a dim fear had crept through her mind. "What if the river should rise?"

She had heard her mother tell of a flood, too, many years before, when she was a toddling child and Kitty was a baby; and she was sure if they could get into a safe place that somebody would come sooner or later to their relief.

She wrung her little hands. Where would the safe place be?

"Perhaps," she thought, "the water will never get up stairs." But she remembered that in the flood that she had heard her mother tell of, the water had gone up stairs, and they had been obliged to climb to the roof of the house.

"But we can never do that," she thought, "unless papa was at home to help us up.

Then she went in and woke up Johnnie and Tommy, bidding them dress themselves as quickly as they could.

"What for?" said Tommy, sleepily. "It's dark yet."

"The house is all full of water," said poor Almira, with a sob that she couldn't choke down, "and we've got to get up somewhere until somebody comes to help us."

Tommy began to cry. "I want mamma," he said.

But Johnnie was more manly.

"Where will we go, Mira?" he said. "You wake up Kitty, and dress Josie, and I'll dress Tommy. Hush, Tommy; crying won't do no good; we've got to help ourselves, I tell you."

By the time they all had their clothes on, the ever-encroaching water had reached the top of the stairs, and was dabbling about in the entry-way.

"I know where we can go," said Almira, as the five children stood together, looking into each other's white faces; "we can climb out on the balcony."

The balcony was a very little one, built over the hall window, and had never been considered by Mr. and Mrs. Fernley as either useful or ornamental; though it proved to be of more use than all their possessions on that terrible night.

They wrapped blankets around the two youngest, and, with infinite pains and difficulty, reached their frail refuge.

They clung to each other for warmth and courage, and from each childish heart there went up to God such prayers as rarely pass unheard or ungranted.

Great black things, such as logs and sheds, came bumping up in the darkness, filling them with terror lest the rotten supports of the balcony should give way and land them in the seething water below.

At last dawn appeared; they felt that they were safer already; and then the boat came and they were saved.

Little Kitty was helped in first, then Josie, then Tommy.

"Come, Mira," said Johnnie; but the little mother held back.

"I'd rather go last," she said.

The man helped Johnnie in, and then looked anxiously around.

"We've got an awful load already," he said. "Somebody will have to wait till the next trip. Madame," he added to Mrs. Brown, "don't you think the children ought to be saved first?"

But Mrs. Brown said "No," and began to cry, and said that if anybody was to be left behind, to leave the biggest Fernley boy; and Johnnie commenced to get out again, when Almira begged him to stay, saying—

"I'll stay; I'd just as lieve as not. I ain't a bit afraid. If Mrs. Brown and Kitty will only keep Josie warm, I'd just as lieve wait as not."

Johnnie wanted to stay with her, but Almira begged him not to.

"Mother gave me the charge of you all," she said, "and you promised to mind me, Johnnie. I ain't a bit afraid—and you'll hurry back, mister, won't you?"

"That I will, my little lass," said the man; "and I'll see that every one knows how brave you are, too."

Mrs. Brown hid her face, and perhaps wished in her selfish heart that she could be brave, but she could not; so the boat was pulled away slowly with its precious freight.

"Good-by, dears," said poor little Mira, leaning over the railing.

"Good-by, good-by," came faintly from the cold and frightened children.

They had plenty of wraps in the boat, so they [illegible] her a blanket; and Johnnie, [illegible] had [illegible] to wrap it [illegible] [illegible], he [illegible] how pale her [illegible] [illegible] the last always seen so rosy, and how dull and heavy were her bright, sparkling eyes.

How long the faithful "little mother" shivered and watched and waited they never knew.

It was long past noon before the boat could get back, and then the balcony was gone—had been torn away, perhaps, by some of the many heavy things floating in the water.

[illegible] found her; and they had to put her in the "best room," with the poor, cold woman and her little child.

The [illegible] had [illegible] to the [illegible] but that "mother trusted her," and had kept her faithful promise "even unto [illegible].

FATALITY OF FEAR.

MANY well authenticated cases are on record where persons have died of fright, where there was no question of disease or epidemic of any kind.

One case is that of a Jew, who once crossed a narrow plank over a torrent, on a dark night. It was a hazardous exploit, but he accomplished it safely.

The next day he went to visit the place, and on seeing the great risk he had run, he became overcome with fright and died.

Surgeon-General Francis, of the English Medical service in India, tells of the case of a drummer who was aroused from sleep by something crawling over him.

He, as well as those near him, thought it was a poisonous snake, and the customary treatment was given him. Later it was discovered that what was supposed to be a snake, was only a harmless lizard.

The poor drummer boy died, however, from the effects of the scare. He was not very strong, and from the moment he thought he had been bitten, [illegible] into a collapse. The shock to his nervous system was too great for him.

A remarkable case of death from fright was that of a Dutch painter in the seventeenth century. He was at work in his studio where there was a number of death-heads and skeletons, when he happened to fall asleep.

During his sleep there was a slight shock of earthquake, and when he woke up he suddenly saw the skeletons and skulls dancing around in the greatest confusion.

He at once became panic-stricken, rushed from the room and threw himself out of a window on to the pavement below. He died a few days after, not from the injuries received in the fall, but from the nervous shock given him by the dancing skeletons, though the cause of their festivity was explained to him.

A really ridiculous cause of death from fright was that of a French marshal. On the occasion of a public dinner, a salt-cellar upset in front of him.

He [illegible] to those present that he was a dead man. He went home and died in a few days from the superstitious terror caused, simply, by the upsetting of a salt-cellar.

Perhaps the most notable recorded case of fatal results from this cause is that chronicled in the French history of crime and criminals.

A notorious ruffian who had been condemned to death in punishment of a series of dastardly crimes, was placed in the keeping of a number of eminent physicians, who determined to use him as a subject to test the influence of imagination over mere physical force.

They gravely discussed in his presence the question of the painlessness of death by bleeding, and concluded to experiment upon the convicted criminal, all preparations and discussion being conducted by them in his immediate presence.

When preparations had apparently been perfected the convict's eyes were securely bandaged, and he was stripped naked and placed in a bath tub of ordinary construction.

A quantity of water, of equal temperature with the human blood, was prepared, and at various points of the body the skin was slightly abraded with a needle and the heated water caused to trickle about each [illegible].

The physicians meanwhile carried on an animated conversation, referring constantly to the loss of loss of blood which the criminal suffered.

In twenty-five minutes from the moment of making the first cut, the bandage was removed from the patient's eyes, when it found that he was stone dead, having fallen a victim to fright, and not losing in all a half ounce of blood.

For clear, bracing winter weather, there is no climate equal to that of Montana. At a hotel fire there the other night a guest in the fifth story put his head out of the window and his breath froze so solid that, after fastening one end of it to the bed post, he slid down on the [illegible] to the ground and escaped.

A SOUTH "count" was stopping in a country town, and one of the rich men of the village sent him the following card: "The birthday exercise of our daughter will be held at the house on Tuesday evening. We hope you will take part." He did. He took part of the spoons and all the forks.

AT the general election East Feliciana voted in a separate ballot box upon the legality of a wire fence.

THE spelling bee is buzzing in parts of Texas.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot [illegible] minutes, and save [illegible] Carriage Hire. Strangers or other [illegible] by way of Central Depot, all Baggage will be transfered from Hotel to this Depot, FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished Rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first class hotel in the city.

WHISPERINGS OF THE TREES.

BY CELIA THWAITES.

When there is no thought of sadness
And my heart is full of gladness,
And the earth is bright and beauty all around,
Then I love the gentle breeze
As it whispers through the trees,
And to catch the murmured meaning of each sound.

Ah! how soft, and sweet, and low,
Do the voices come and go,
And implant their store of music in my heart,
And a spell of sweetness cast
O'er the present and the past
As they leave their tiny message and depart!

For they tell of joy and lightness,
And of all the sunny brightness
That would ever gladden earth with golden gleams,
If but only to the light
Man would turn his aching sight,
And refresh him with the glory of its beams!

And from all the dark to-morrow,
With its weight of woe and weeping sadly flees,
Then how soothing comes the strain
Of the music once again
As I listen to the whisperings of the trees!

Ah! how sweetly soft and low
Do the voices come and go,
And inspire my heart again with quiet peace,
Telling sorrows cannot last
When the gloom of night is past—
With the morning all the woe and darkness cease.

And they whisper of the lightness,
And of all the sunny brightness
That would gladden darkest hour with golden gleams,
If but only to the light
Man would turn his aching sight,
And refresh him with the glory of its beams!

IN THE FAR EAST.

THE shops of Cairo, Egypt, line each side like a succession of moderate-sized cupboards, though they are some six feet wide. The floor of each is raised about three feet.

Upon this the merchant sits without his shoes, generally smoking his pipe, while all around, within easy reaching distance, are his shelves, where his goods can often be taken down without the trouble of rising.

There are inscriptions over many of the shops, such as, "O, Allah! thou who openest our gates with profit!" or, "O, Allah! thou who helpest us in want!" or, "Aid from Allah and rapid victory!" and these are repeated by the shopkeeper as he takes down his shutters in the morning. The different trades each have their special districts.

One shoe bazar has nothing but red shoes, and another nothing but yellow ones, and you can see the people making them.

The coppersmith's quarter is noisy with the hammering on kettles, and in the narrowest alley you find the gold and silversmiths, with their odd-looking goat-skin bellows and their furnace and tools on the floor beside them.

Here are men who will take your gold piece, and make you something while you sit and see them do it. As you pass on, you reach the sieve-makers, who have soaked their donkey-skins cut in strips like carpet-rags, and are weaving them like our wire ones.

A little further on silk is woven in a queer, old-fashioned loom. Near by they are boring holes in pipes with a steel point turned by a machine that suggests a fiddle-stick, and which does the work in a flash.

Now you pass a man with four or five apprentices, more children of eight years of age, on the floor beside him, who are at work sawing combs. You may see others dyeing wool, others selling goods in the piece, or a group of tailors at their sewing.

A Yankee could learn half a dozen trades in an afternoon, for there are no trade secrets there; everything is open for all to see, and all in the open air, as there are very few rainy days, and the mats above you keep off the hot sunshine.

Once in a while a heavily-laden donkey or even a camel, comes along the narrow lane, and then there is a great scampering to get out of the way, and a climbing up into the cupboard-like shops; for there is no extra room in such a case, and the driver keeps calling, "Look out! take care of your toes!" till you feel that there is no time to lose.

The carpet bazar is not in one of the narrow ways, but around the court of an old building built by the Arabs long ago. As soon as a customer appears there, carpet after carpet is spread out till the whole place is covered with them, and bright with beautiful colors.

Then if a purchase is to be made and bargaining to begin, coffee is brought in tiny cups. The buyer sips it, and offers less than the goods are worth; the merchant asks more than he expects to get, and declares he is "giving it away;" and so they keep on until they come to terms, which may not be for hours.

But who would mind an extra hour spent in such a place, with those latticed windows above, where girls used to look down years ago, and perhaps are peeping out now, those arched nooks below, those doorways leading you know not where, while the network of ropes, with tattered bits of gray cloth spread on them only keeps out scraps of the vivid sunshine, and the very names of the places where the rugs are made give a dash of mystery to the whole thing.

But the purchase is over, and you turn towards home once more, past the bookshelves, where you can buy the "Arabian Nights" in Arabic, and past the mosques, which are placed there as if to remind men not to forget God even in their busiest hours.

Next, perhaps, you meet a man with a tray of candy, some of which looks like our yellow-jack; another has sweet starch in bowls, and, as sweets make one thirsty, a water-carrier is smart enough to follow him.

Sometimes he bears a large stone jar with a long spout, supported on his back by a netting; or he may have a goat-skin full of water, held on his shoulders by a big strap; and, as he bends over with the weight of it, it is not a pretty sight, nor apt to make one thirsty. Each vender goes along clinking two brass cups together to attract attention.

And now here is the spice bazar, where every one stops to buy the famous attar of roses; and though your party have been some hours in the place, you feel disappointed to see that you have come back to your donkeys and must remount them for your merry ride home.

Grains of Gold.

Wealth is not always fortune.

Concession is the best peacemaker.

Never play at any game of chance.

A good example is the best sermon.

A man is not so soon healed as hurt.

The brave only know how to forgive.

A good garden may have some weeds.

A flow of words is no proof of wisdom.

To suffer for having acted well, is itself a species of recompense.

There never was a mask so gay but some tears were shed behind it.

Good company and good conversation are the very cloows of virtue.

Observed duties maintain our credit; but secret duties maintain our life.

A virtuous man is happy in this world, and he will be happy in the next.

It is not cowardly to yield to necessity, nor courageous to stand against it.

The criterion of true beauty is that it increases on examination. If false, that it lessens.

A man that can be flattered is not necessarily a fool, but you can always make one of him.

The art of living easily as to money, is to pitch your scale of living at least one degree below your means.

Never contradict anybody in general society. Rarely do it even at home. Nobody likes to be contradicted.

We cannot understand what we have never experienced; we need pain, were it only to teach us sympathy.

Few efforts are more unsuccessful, few labors are more unavailing, than those of the reformer who has not reformed himself.

In every relation of life we must bear and forbear; we must not expect perfection, and each party should carry the risk of charity for the other.

The shade of faith and the cloak of true godliness, is the best equipage for the storm of adversity, and the keen atmosphere of selfishness.

If it is within your power to enjoy the present, do not postpone your happiness. Be happy now, and resolve to be happy whenever you can.

Civility is to man what beauty is to woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality excites as quick a prejudice against him.

The soundest argument will produce no more conviction in an empty head than the most superficial declamation, as a feather and guinea fall with equal velocity in a vacuum.

If it is part of prudence to face every claimant, and pay every just demand on your time, your talents or your heart Always pay; first or last you must pay your entire debt.

If we would avoid moral intolerance, we must cultivate our imagination, widen our sympathies, search for excellences rather than defects, and give a generous and ready honor to those virtuous qualities which we ourselves lack, and which, from habit, we have come to esteem lightly.

Femininities.

An elephat herd is always led by a female—never by a male.

There are 2,000,000 unmarried women in England and Wales.

A rich dress is not worth a straw to one who has a poor mind.

Don't make a host of promises to call, for you know you won't keep a quarter of them.

Happy bachelors are likely to be happy husbands, and a happy husband is the happiest of men.

Instead of designating single ladies as old maids, an Indianapolis paper calls them "bachelettes."

Women love to be loved. The only noticeable thing about this fact is that men encourage them in it.

"Nervous Girl" wants to know how to cure a tickling sensation about the face. Get him to shave off his moustache.

In Thibet a woman may have four husbands. In this country it is as much as a woman can do to cut wood for one.

A woman was recently read out of an Omaha church on account of her propensity to tell tales and make mischief.

A Camden girl jumped twelve feet, in her sleep, recently. She probably dreamed that some one was proposing to her.

A man's love for his daughter should not be measured by the foot with which he lifts an unwelcome suitor out of the house.

A Texas editor complains that the number of marriages is ridiculously small when compared with the time squandered in buggy-riding.

At a recent marriage ceremony in one of the churches the contracting parties were thirty minutes behind time, and the organ pealed out: "O, dear, what can the matter be?"

The banking firm of Rothschild, in London, employs women exclusively as coupon-counters, and experience shows that they are far more reliable and intelligent than male employees.

Young ladies who wish to have small mouths, are advised to repeat this at frequent intervals during the day: "Fanny Finch fried flounder-ing frogs for Francis Fowler's father."

Men, as well as women, wore bracelets among the ancients, but women never wore them till they were betrothed. Men wore them as military ornaments bestowed for gallantry in fight.

Angry parent: "My daughter is only twenty, and she has married a man three times as old as herself." Consoling friend: "Well, hang it all, she couldn't marry one twice as young as herself."

A new invention for the purpose of entrapping ladies inclined to stoutness, consists of a chair used on a lawn, which registers the weight of any one sitting in it, without the sitter knowing anything about it.

A physician of Brighton, England, having failed to get any practice whatever, announced that tight-lacing was positively beneficial to middle-aged ladies. He has now more practice than he knows what to do with.

An ingenious woman has devised a plan for getting satisfaction even from her spouse's sonorous snorus. When he gets well under way she ties a mouth hat monicon under his nose, and she declares the music is lovely.

The young women of Newark, N. J., have bound themselves by oath not to kiss any man who chews tobacco. It must be very difficult for them to abstain from kissing tobacco-chewers if they have to bind themselves by oath.

"Well, my daughter, your mother and I have been consulting recently about the windows in our new house. What kind would you like in the parlor?" "Oh, thank you, papa, for seeking my advice. I should much prefer bean windows."

A photographer in Greenwich, Conn., who put up the following notice on his door, had a brisk revival of business: "In consequence of this being the anniversary of the death of my mother-in-law, pictures to-day will be taken at half price."

A fly is said to have broken up a household at Schenectady, N. Y. The fly, which fell in wife's coffee, was pulled out by her husband and accidentally tossed upon her plate, causing dissensions between the two, which finally resulted in a separation.

"What is your opinion, sir, about divorce?" "Madam, I accept divorce as a necessary compromise; but I say without hesitation, that for a really noble mind, a soul capable of delicate emotions, divorce can never hold a candle to widerhood."

What is a woman? For a painter, a model; for a doctor, a subject; for a peasant, a housekeeper; for a Parisian, a dowry; for a naturalist, a female; for an Albanian, a beast of burden; for a Roman, a citizeness; for a school-boy, an angel; for an honest man, a companion.

The days of the crazy quilt are numbered. An American manufacturer has just composed a new style of silk quilt called the "Queen Anne." It is made of squares and diamonds of silk handkerchiefs, so arranged as to form a most elegant piece of patchwork. The inventor has applied for a patent.

A Paris journal tells a young man: "If your fiancee shows a marked predilection for Strauss, you may set her down as frivolous; for Beethoven, as cross; Liszt, as ambitious; Verdi, sentimental; Mozart, prudent; Offenbach, giddy; Wagner, crankish. If you would be safe, select a woman who does not play the piano."

Notes from the diary of Mlle. Irma von Bressvlo: First day—on the high seas; stormy weather; disagreeable company. Second day—Captain very amiable; made a declaration of love, and offered me his heart and hand; rejected. Third day—Captain returns to the charge, threatens to kill me, commit suicide and blow up the whole vessel with three hundred persons; rejected. Fourth day—Saved the lives of 300 persons.

News Notes.

Paper cigars are the newest Yankee inventions.

A single ranchman in Texas owns over 6,000 horses.

The New York cremation furnace will be ready January 1.

Louisiana has about 18,000,000,000 feet of pine in her forests.

The drought in Australia has killed off 11,000,000 head of sheep.

The United States raise 74 per cent. of the corn grown in the world.

A Brooklyn grammar school has furnished two elopement cases.

Electric tricycles, it is expected, will soon be in common use in England.

Vermont has buried sixteen reputed centenarians during the past three years.

A father and son are both under sentence of death in a Farmersville, La., jail.

The population of Texas is now placed at 2,215,700, an increase of 624,000 in four years.

Over three hundred in a band of Angora goats were killed in a California thunder storm recently.

A "horse-swappers" convention was announced to meet at Anniston, Ala., the 17th of last month.

Five years in the penitentiary is the penalty just inflicted on a negro at Leesburgh, Fla., who stole $20.

It is said that all the Presidents of the United States have had blue eyes except General Harrison.

An Ohio ex-Governor, once a man of large wealth, is now selling cigars by sample to retail dealers.

A Sioux dwarf, measuring 29 years by 37 inches, is on exhibition in Minneapolis. Low, the poor Indian.

The authorities of the 1st Regiment, Illinois National Guards, are excluding all Jews from membership.

The Chinese Government has forbidden its subjects to resort to poisoning the food and drink of the enemy.

Three men in New Orleans have been bitten by mosquitoes, and have been made dangerously ill thereby.

A young medical student of Mississippi has been rendered temporarily insane by the sights in the dissecting room.

A man at White Lake, N. Y., was rendered blind and helpless by being stung by a hornet at the base of his brain.

The California wine-makers exhibited this year the remarkable number of 90 varieties of wine grapes grown in that State.

A couple in Oxford, Miss., recently married on a month's probation, and at the end of that time dissolved by mutual consent.

The skill of three physicians was required to extract a billiard-ball from the mouth of a Lehigh youth, who put it there on a wager.

November is defined by the French as the month in which Englishmen commit suicide, possibly on account of the very gloomy weather.

Papers sent through the Russian mails are submitted to a censorship that results in offensive paragraphs being smudged over with "official" ink.

In the execution of Jan Wasc'ewsky, at San Jose, California, the other day, the strap was held in place by hair from the head of his murdered wife.

A fine of twenty-five cents each was imposed on two London newsboys for offering their papers for sale to people going to church on Sunday morning.

Although ninety-three years of age and totally blind, John Philbrick, of Seabrook, N. H., shaves himself, and with a razor he purchased 75 years ago.

Three Iowa girls, the eldest not over 18, ambushed a school teacher and walloped him half to death for showing favoritism to a fat girl in the geography class.

A colored lad who held a dog the other day at Tampa, Fla., while a man shot at the animal, received the charge intended for the dog, but is expected to recover.

The Societe Franklin is an association of France for promoting the establishment of popular libraries, deriving its name, of course, from our own Benjamin Franklin.

Bears have become very numerous in Clifton, Me., and are playing great havoc among sheep, no less than twenty of them having been killed within a few days.

Fairies are believed in to the present day in those parts of Wales distant from the railway and out of the ordinary track, and people insist that they often dance on the hillsides.

A machine shop at Napa, Cal., was on fire. An enthusiastic property-saver rushed in and, with much difficulty, carried the anvil to a place of safety. The bellows was left to its fate.

A clerk in a St. Louis railroad office has invented an electric bell-cord for passenger trains, which, it is said, is destined to take the place of the clothes-line now used to communicate with the engineer.

The hearing of an aged gentleman in Lafayette, Ind., who has been deaf for a long time, was almost completely restored a few days ago by a loud clap of thunder, and he can now hear nearly as well as ever.

Two Chinamen in Mercer county, California, worked all one forenoon in making a coffin, after which they fought a duel with revolvers, in a field. One of the participants was boxed up in the coffin by the survivor.

The Jaws of Death.

BY MAGGIE BROWNE.

ROYAL HANOVER stood by the window playing with the scarlet curtain-tassel, and Doctor Reynolds sat in an easy-chair beside the fire, covertly looking at her.

In varied travels he had seen few women so beautiful.

The round supple form, the regularly carved and exquisitely tinted face, the perfect grace and air of high-breeding, might have pleased a more fastidious man than he.

But something higher and better than admiration softened Doctor Reynolds' face as he turned away with a soft sigh and rustled the leaves of his book by the fire-light. Royal deserted the window and came softly toward the fire.

"A year from to-day, I hope I shall not be here," she said.

Again Doctor Reynolds looked up at her. His gaze was a mixture of tenderness and sorrow.

"Do you hope to be happier, Royal?" he said.

"Yes, I hope to be," she answered, knotting the silken cords of her wrapper, in turn, with those restless fingers of hers.

Again Doctor Reynolds sighed.

"If you have anything to say to me, why don't you say it?" she exclaimed impatiently.

"You know my wish," he said, quietly.

A sudden color flickered in her cheek. She glanced at him shyly, from under her long lashes.

"I would regret no money that would keep you off the stage, Royal."

The color died in her beautiful face.

"You would pay any price to keep me here in exile?" she exclaimed. "Why, I should eat my own heart in a year more of this life!"

His sorrowful eyes seemed unbearable to her.

"It's so tame and spiritless!" said she; "so worse than a thousand cares, with its inanity! I a woman, loathe it! How you a man, can endure it, I cannot see."

"I am tired," he answered simply.

She paused in her walk. Standing near him, and looking down on his bowed head, she saw, very plainly, the streaks of gray in it. The fire died out of her face.

"I am so young!" she said, more gently.

"Yes," he answered.

"Only twenty."

"Only twenty," he repeated.

She went back to the window and stood there in silence.

The landscape was gray and wintry, patches of snow on the frozen ground, and the trees creaking and rushing in the wind—the great elms and oaks of Woodmere. The warm, quiet room was quite still. The coals burned without a crackle, her canary had gone to sleep in the dusk, and Doctor Reynolds was mute and motionless in his place.

Her impatient thoughts roved away to the city.

She saw, in fancy, lights, and glowing colors, and living walls of people. Music gave voice to the scene.

Then her soul seemed to steal out of her body, and she stood before the admiring throng, all the slumbering fire and romance of her nature vitalizing and bringing to life some character of olden story that had thrilled her in childhood and was still famous in the memory of men.

How the grand words of passion and inspiration rung from her lips!—how complete her success—how enthusiastic the plaudits of the throng!

She started suddenly and waked as from a dream as a servant brought in lights and the evening's mail. No letters for her; no one ever thought of her or cared for her now; but next year——

Dr. Reynolds read his letters in silence and then took up the evening paper. She glanced around; the quiet, domestic atmosphere was not congenial.

She turned to leave the room. Doctor Reynolds looked up.

"Are you going to your room, Royal?"

"Yes. Good-night."

"I wish to warn you not to go outside the garden to-morrow, or on any day until the danger of going around is removed. A tiger has escaped from the traveling menagerie now in the village, and, so far has been hunted without success. He is probably in the woods not far off. Good-night," and he turned to his paper again.

Long after Royal was soundly sleeping he kept sorrowful vigils.

Royal awoke from troubled dreams with a start.

She raised herself higher on her pillow and saw a sheet of sunshine on the wall. She closed her eyes upon it with a moan of pain.

But gradually the pain abated, though she rose languidly at nine o'clock and commenced making her toilet.

But when the soft crimson wrapper was donned, the glittering buttons in the snowy cuffs, and the dark hair put up in a loose, shining coil, suddenly all came the cashmere wrapper, and down came the loose shining coil of hair—to be replaced by an out-of-door dress and smugger braids, surmounted by a little Polish cap of fur.

"I must walk myself into a better state of health; I can't stand it to be so stupid," said Royal.

She slammed the hall-door behind her and went down the avenue. She walked a mile down the road and then turned into the woods, stopping to gather brilliant sprays of bittersweet.

She had gathered a handful, and, unconscious how their orange and scarlet set off her dark, brilliant face, was turning away, when a crackling in the bushes behind her made her glance back.

A large, strange, tawny animal was gliding toward her.

Her guardian's forgotten warning flashed over her.

"My God! the tiger!" she murmured, in freezing horror, below her breath.

Seeing himself observed, the animal paused.

With terrified eyes she saw him preparing for a spring.

Ghastly pale, one wild frenzied scream of horror burst from her.

At the same moment there came a shock, and she was senseless.

The next she knew was hearing her name pronounced in the tender accents of compassion and love.

She lay upon the ground, her head pillowed upon her guardian's breast, and the smoke of a rifle still hung in the air.

She raised herself without speaking, and saw the great gory brute stretched dead at her feet.

"Did you kill him?" she asked, bewildered.

"Yes; just in the act of leaping upon you, Royal he answered. "The creature was savage with hunger."

For the first time since she was a little child he saw her burst into tears.

"Don't cry," he said quietly; "the danger is past now," and took her home.

Somehow the crimson library, with its glowing grate, was something better than it had been the night before.

But the gray streaks in Dr. Reynolds' hair showed quite as plainly by day as by twilight as he seated himself in the chair again with no word of reproof for the danger she had led them both into.

Suddenly he felt two clinging arms about his neck, and a graceful form, with shining hair and flashing tears, sank on its knees beside him.

"I am not going away: I am not going to leave you," cried Royal sobbing.

Trembling, he snatched her to his breast.

"Darling," he said, "but I cannot keep you always."

"As long as you will," she said.

"Royal I must tell you," he said. "I do not love you as a ward only."

"Then I will be your wife," she whispered.

"And keep your beauty only to bless an old man, Royal?"

"I shall be happy," was her answer playing with the gray streaked hair. "My heart is not empty any longer. Oh, why could you not see?" she exclaimed, hiding her face in his neck.

And as crowds never saw Royal Hanover personate Cordelia, and Pedrita, and footlights never flared upon the perishing of her bloom.

And "an old man a darling," she is more beautiful to-day than ever before.

A CENTURY AGO.—It is not an easy matter to obtain accurate information of the condition of the laboring classes in America a century ago, but enough is known to assure us that the condition of the laboring man of to-day is vastly improved over those who lived in the days when the Republic was founded and the wars of the American revolution were on. Both as regards wages and the comforts of the laboring man, there are vastly improved for the better. In the matter of clothes the stuff was coarser, the food coarser, and the wages were one-half what they are at present. A man who performed unskilled labor—sawed wood, mended roads, mixed mortar, carried wood to the carpenter or helped in the harvest time—received two shillings a day. If at the end of the week he took home to his family fifteen shillings—a sum now about as much as four dollars—he was lucky indeed. It was only by the strictest economy that the half-starved mechanic could raise his family.

His dwelling possessed few of the ornaments and refinements which decorate many a mechanic's home to-day. Carpets were unheard of, sand sprinkled on the floor served instead. Glass and chinaware were unknown, and pewter furnished the material for all the table ware. Matches were unheard of, and cooking stoves not invented. The wife struck the light with a flint, or borrowed some coals from a neighbor, and cooked a rude, coarse meal. He was lucky if he tasted fresh meat once a week. Corn was three shillings a bushel, wheat eight shillings and sixpence, a pound of salt pork tenpence. Fruits were comparatively unknown. Cantaloupes, tomatoes, rhubarb, cauliflowers, egg plant, lettuce, and many varieties of pears and peaches were unheard of one hundred years ago, and such luxuries as oranges and bananas were unknown even to the rich, while the fox grape was the only delicacy in the grape line that came to the market.

The clothing of the citizen was such as no tramp would wear nowadays. Coarse leather breeches, a checked shirt, red flannel jacket rusty hat cocked at the corners, shoe of neat skin, set off with brass buckles, and a leather apron, completed the citizen's scant wardrobe. The leather was greased to keep it soft and flexible.

ROUGH TIMES.—First Citizen: "Rough times? Well, I should say I do know something about rough times."

Second Citizen: "Don't think your experience can equal mine."

First Citizen: "You don't eh? Well, I went to California in '49, was shot seventeen times in three weeks, drifted into the Rockies, got lost in eight snowstorms, was half devoured by bears, scalped by Indians, and was finally blown five miles by a cyclone."

Second Citizen: "Pooh, that's nothing. I once ran for President."

A SALVE FOR PRIDE.

It supp'd they'd had a little falling out,
'Twas o'er a dress of strangest style she wore:
She took offense, and, in a sullen pout,
Declared he should not call upon her more,
'Cause he averred a garment of such make
Betrayed her taste as very poor, indeed.
She likewise swore love's plighted vows she'd break;
His judgment rude was truly not her need.

He said he deemed she'd take all as a jest,
Their promised faith he did not wish untied.
On that she begged he'd grant her this request:
That, for a salve unto her wounded pride,
He at her feet must kneel and pardon sue.
But thus to wound his manly pride he scorns,
And says, "Instead of pride-salve, maybe you
Need at your feet a soothing salve for corns."

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Humorous.

Light-headed—The blonde.

Honey jars—Lovers' quarrels.

A blood relation—A dime novel.

Lost at C—The hoarse soprano's notes.

A tea-totaller—The merchant's accountant.

What the potter says to the clay—Be ware.

The darkest hour is when you can't find the matches.

An auctioneer does as he is bid, a letter-carrier as he is directed.

The man who has the floor is the man who is learning to ride the bicycle.

How many sticks go to the building of a crow's nest? None—because all are carried.

In a boarding-house a man's room is better than his company, if he does not pay his board.

A musical young lady, with an eye to business, says that a composer may properly make overtures.

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Michigan, offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

Fur and Sealskin Garments.

C. C. Shayne, the well-known Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince St., New York, will sell elegant Fur Garments at retail at cash wholesale prices this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity to purchase strictly reliable Furs direct from manufacturer, and save retailer's profits. Fashion Book mailed Free.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Warnold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WARNOLD, Townsend Harbor, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

—THE MILD POWER CURES.—

HUMPHREYS'

In use 30 years.—Special Prescriptions of an eminent Physician. Simple, Safe and Sure.

NOS.	CURES	PRICE
1	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations	.25
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic	.25
3	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants	.25
4	Diarrhea of Children or Adults	.25
5	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic	.25
6	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting	.25
7	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods	.25

HOMEOPATHIC

12	Whites, too Profuse Periods	.25
13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains	.25
16	Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria	.50
17	Piles, Blind or Bleeding	.50
19	Catarrh, Acute or chronic Influenza	.50
20	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs	.50
24	General Debility, Physical Weakness	.50
27	Kidney Disease	.50
28	Nervous Debility	1.00
30	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed	.50
32	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation	1.00

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Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Send for Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease, &c. Case pocket also Catalogue, free.—Address, HUMPHREYS' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.

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This Book contains 700 Choice Gems of Poetry and Prose suitable for writing in Autograph Albums. Something everybody wants. 128 pages, paper covers, 15 cents; cloth, 30 cents. Stamps taken. Address J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 31 Rose Street, New York.

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70 Chromo Cards and Tennyson's Poems mailed for ten 1-cent stamps. Acme Mfg. Co, Ivoryton, Ct.

SURE CURE for epilepsy (fits) or spasms free to the Sufferer. Dr. Kruse, 223 Hickory st., St. Louis, Mo.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds,
Sore Throat,
Inflammation,
Neuralgia,
Headache,
Toothache,
Asthma,
Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS
in from one to 20 minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
After reading this advertisement need any one
SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.
It was the first,

AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.
If seized with threatened

PNEUMONIA,

or any Inflammation of the Internal organs or mucous membranes, after exposure to cold, wet, etc., lose no time, but apply Radway's Relief on a piece of flannel over the part affected with congestion or inflammation, which will in nearly every case check the inflammation and cure the patient by its action of counter-irritation, and by equalizing the circulation in the part. For further instructions, see our directions wrapped around the bottle.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, sprains, sour stomach, heartburn, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, flatulency and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

MALARIA

CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS.

Chills and Fever.

FEVER and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cts. per bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

For the Cure of all CHRONIC DISEASES.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Venereal Diseases, (see our Book on Venereal—price, 25 cts), Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Diseases, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

SKIN DISEASES,

Humors and Sores

Of all kinds, particularly Chronic Diseases of the Skin, are cured with great certainty by a course of RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN. We mean obstinate cases that have resisted all other treatment.

SCROFULA.

Whether transmitted from parents or acquired, is within the curative range of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Cures have been made where persons have been afflicted with Scrofula from their youth up to 20, 30 and 40 years of age, by

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

(The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.)

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by all druggists.

DYSPEPSIA.

Hundreds of maladies spring from this complaint. The symptoms of this disease are the symptoms of a broken down stomach, Indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn, Acid Stomach, Pain after Eating,—giving rise sometimes to the most excruciating colic,—Pyrosis, or Water Brash, etc., etc., etc.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN,

Aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, is a cure for this complaint. It restores strength to the stomach, and makes it perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicines according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No 32 Warren street, New York.
☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

THE expression of grief in bereavement is found to be characteristic as well of individuals; and given the funeral customs of any people one might almost predicate the degree of advancement in civilization, and, to a degree, the creed.

Among primitive peoples the ceremonial expressions of grief are simple exaggerations of the natural emotions—a carelessness to usual comfort, a distracting agony, fasting, wringing the hands, tearing the hair, beating the breast, etc.

Hawaiians gash the body and cut off an ear or knock out a front tooth as a proper toilet for grief, and when a King dies the nation pretends madness, and all manner of crime is committed as a ceremonial expression of the sorrow which is supposed to have driven them frantic, but such wild grief is short lived: "Long live the King" is cried on the morrow and the madness of joy supervenes.

The New Zealanders daub themselves with red paint, but wear this ghastly mourning decoration only a short time.

Dahomey mourns longer, and keeps up the friendly intercourse with the departed, killing a slave now and again that the soul may tell news of those left behind.

The Karens regard everything pertaining to death with horror; clothes, books, furniture, every article which the deceased has used is committed to the flames; to touch any article belonging to the dead would be as fatal as the poisoned tunic of Nessus, not only to the body, but the soul. These burn their dead, and hired women mourn a while; when their howling ceases there is an end of all signs of grief.

The Ethiopians expect the dead to return to the earth and for a short period wear brown, the color of the good mother who has received once more her own to her bosom; fitting show of sorrow, since from the earth the dead come no more. These have no hope in a future life.

Some sort of disfigurement seems essential to the Oriental idea of mourning. They discolor the face, allowing hair, and nails, and beard, to grow, casting ashes on their heads, and wearing sack-cloth.

From the South Sea Islands comes a hint of possible consolation in bereavement, for their mourning dress is black and white, expressing both sorrow and hope.

Without a State religion, there yet seems to be among the Chinese a certain looking forward to a better life, and this common hope, arising as it does from different motives and different religious creeds, is illustrated in their dress after the death of a friend.

They express mourning by sewing white stripes on ordinary garments, wearing white shoes, and painting a white stripe on the door-post of the dwelling. The symbols are marks of, shall we say woe?

Nay, rather hope, for to the followers of Buddha there is far in the future the blessed Nirvana, when, the material part having been purged away and various transmigrations endured, the soul is at last absorbed in the bosom of the Deity.

All rejoice that the loved one is gone to be among the gods, with whom he is remembered in their worship.

The Chinese followers of Confucius live practical lives, and, avoiding all thought of the future, endure bereavement stoically, wearing the white stripe as a matter of form. 'Tis a custom with this people to make preparation for death as we do for the disposal of property, for the dead becomes as gods to be worshipped, and so 'tis a gain to die. A coffin is considered quite a proper gift from a son to a father, and it is told that a traveller attending a funeral at Pekin found the coffin covered with an elegantly embroidered silk sheet, wrought and presented to the deceased years before by his devoted wife.

How many of us would enjoy such a testimonial? The mourning of white stripes is worn only a few months. The fashions in Japan are similar to those of China.

Persia mourns in pale brown, the color of withered leaves; white, sky blue, which whispers of hope that the deceased has gone into heaven, is the mourning color for Syria, Cappadocia, Armenia and Turkey.

The Mohammedans are forbidden to wear mourning at all, or to wail at the grave, for "are not the good rewarded after death, and doth it not behoove the true believer to say even in the presence of bereavement, "Allah, il allah, God is good!"

Black and brown were the colors chosen by the Greeks and Romans, but were worn only ten months. Egyptian and Burmese use yellow, signifying exaltation, since these, as indeed nearly all nations, enjoy the sweet hope of a life beyond the grave.

The Norsemen and the Gauls in their mythologies, the Druids in their weird rites, the South Americans who build gorgeous temples to the sun, from whom and in whom and to whom are all things, the Red men of America, who are glad to join the departed chiefs in the "Great Hunting Ground."

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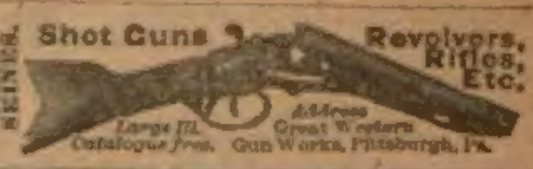
Shot Guns  **Revolvers, Rifles, Etc.**

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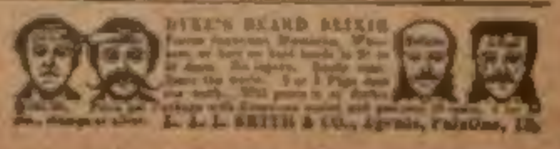

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THOUGH fur trimmings are destined, beyond question, to be in furore for the cold weather upon carriage and promenade garments, it is next to impossible to persuade ladies to so much as look towards them at the present state of temperature, and yet there were mornings and evenings last week when fur garments even would not have come amiss.

Taking the changeable weather and the political campaign together, many importers have been losers on their heavy investments of Fall goods. But there never has been a finer display of handsomely ornamented fur-trimmed cloaks and Newmarkets spread before customers from which to select.

Even the shopping bag comes to match this suit, while some ultra fashionables go so far as to have the boot tops match the cloth of the costume. Another type of street outfit gives ample scope for ladies from twenty-five to forty, as far as appropriateness is concerned.

It is composed of French cloth, finished with rough, camel hair surface, and comes in different shades and solid colors, such as otter and beaver browns, fox blue, myrtle and vivid greens, and the deep Prussian blue.

It is made with a skirt and Newmarket coat, cut straight over the hips, and having a double box plait at the back, generally composed of velvet in the same tint as the cloth, or a trifle darker. A flounce is also made of velvet scallops and shells of cloth filling in between.

The coat is heavily trimmed with sea otter or beaver in the natural color of the animal's skin, or sometimes in silver gray fox. For elderly ladies black fox and marten fur is employed, making an appropriate outfit for traveling purposes, promenade or carriage wear.

Sealskin for trimming has nearly or quite gone out of style. This thick and somewhat clumsy fur is used exclusively for Winter garments.

The sacque is also passe, except for old ladies and country wear, where warmth, and not elegance of figure, is taken into consideration. There are very few forms which look well in a sealskin sacque. The tendency is to make a moderately plump figure look dumpy and increase the size of a portly matron two-fold in looks. It is, therefore, declared that fur garments for city ladies, except those of an age past caring how their figure appears, so long as they are comfortable, should be made either in long dolman coats or Newmarkets, both of which will obtain great favor after the warm wave and the political campaign have passed.

Most of the sealskin coats are trimmed with fancy furs in their natural colors. Clipped sea otter, pointed and plain beaver, and even brown French fox are employed for ornamenting these expensive luxuries for cold weather service.

The fur-trimmed cloaks and coats have deep collars and cuffs to match the trimmings.

For wear earlier this Fall the half-length dolman wrap, composed of velvet brocade, or tinsel bead illuminated plush, obtain great favor for dress purposes. It has been decided that sleeves frilled upon the shoulders are to be entirely ruled out, although, as a matter of economy, the ladies who have wraps made last Spring and wish to wear them till the time arrives for Winter outside garments, will still persist in appearing on the street with them.

The fashion was never pronounced a becoming one by those who possess good taste although a purely French caprice, and a very contagious fashion for the followers of the fickle goddess. The end of their reign will, therefore, be hailed with much pleasure.

Street suits, and also outside coats that are close fitting, will be made entirely with tight sleeves (to use a slang term, they will be skin-tight), giving no chance for further development of the proportions of the arm, and but little comfort for the wearer, unless the cloth of which they are composed should be very elastic.

Evening costumes have come back to first principles once more, and are made from heavy brocades and satins. On the whole, this is a very sensible style for cold weather. There will be less cause for bronchitis and the pathetic coughs, such as carried off the irrepressible Violetta, as represented in "Traviata."

Thin fabrics in the ball-room in Winter have been the cause of making almost as many angels as fairies.

Although it is now predicted that most of the full-dress costumes will be cut Pompadour corsage, the very decollete corsage is evidently destined to be tabooed by all sensible ladies.

The sleeves are rapidly creeping downward, even in many instances below the elbow, and finished with a profusion of embroidered laces and ribbons.

Peacock feather brocades, shading all the tints of that gorgeous plumage, will be extensively used for drapery and corsage of evening, toilet and dinner dresses. Plain colored velvet or satin grounds, embossed or embroidered in birds, tropical fruits, nuts and sea anemones, are shown also for draping dinner, carriage, reception and evening costumes.

The bronze-gold, poppy-red and peacock-blue shades prevail for colors, as also does the real St. Patrick green, such as was displayed by the plumed knights on the 17th of March.

Some examples of evening toilets will give the reader an idea as to what may be expected for the coming ball season, and will also be endorsed for select dinner and reception parties.

A satin skirt is made comparatively plain upon the hips and in front, shaded from bronze to peacock blue, while the whole front is brocaded with peacock feathers. The back drapery is very full and combines both the plain shaded satin and the peacock brocade; the corsage of the brocade and elbow sleeves of the plain satin, finished at the bottom with shell scallops of the two materials, and underneath a ruffle of lace; pointed basque and Pompadour front filled in with the same lace as that used upon the sleeves.

The bottom of the skirt has a double shell and scallopped flounce. Full train finished to match.

Another gem of artistic skill was of moonlight-on-the-lake tint, a shade which can only be described by this name, blending innumerable delicate tints in the brocade, and having a front of iridescent beads embroidered by hand in fruit and Autumn foliage.

The demi-train is of delicate blue velvet, bead embroidered to match. A dinner dress for a middle-aged matron, which is also appropriate for an evening robe or ball dress, is composed of smoked pearl satin, embossed with large velvet leaves and pineapples in the natural color of this fruit. This is made with full court train of the brocade, and the skirt front of plain satin is embroidered in arasine needle work to match the designs and tints of the brocade. The sleeves come considerably below the elbows, and are made slightly flowing at the bottom, but extremely tight over the arm.

For matrons' and elderly ladies' full dress costumes, the dark myrtle green velvets and satins and the deep tints of smoked pearl will obtain great favor, for those of subdued tastes, especially.

It is said that over dresses of black Spanish or Chantilly lace will be worn over black satin or velvet plain princesse costumes. Lace toilettes can be thus worn without endangering the health of the wearer, as they only add to the warmth, instead of diminishing it, over thick fabrics. But American taste will not venture very far in that direction.

It is only the fussy French granddame who would go to the trouble to say nothing of the expense, of putting on a double costume, first of satin or of velvet, and then of lace.

The rough finished bourette-like woole, the heavy cheviots, the serges, and the serge-finished goods, are all accounted the "creme de la creme" for this Winter. This will be another nail driven into the coffin of flounces and draperies, since it would be neither possible nor suitable to manipulate these unyielding materials in any such fashion.

The round skirt, undraped, gathered to the waist, with several rows of shirring beneath to avoid too much bunchiness there, becomes imperative in such cases, and wool braid, ribbon velvet, or one broad band of velvet at the foot, take the place of plaitings and puffings.

Fireside Chat.

NOVELTIES IN NEEDLEWORK.

THERE is always a demand for novelties of all kinds, and as several trifles have come under my notice lately that have the merit of being a little different and new, I thought a description of some of them might not prove unacceptable to those readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST who are either working for bazaars, or who like to make presents to their friends of their own manufacture.

The many forms of coarse straw "rumpumpus" and other foreign hats, are most popular just now, when the crowns have been thickly embroidered with flowers and leaves in crewel work.

Poppies are most effective either alone or mixed with corn-flowers, ox-eye daisies, leaves or wheatears. Wild roses and berries are also suitable for this purpose. One way of trimming the hats is to embroider green leaves and to attach some of the small red chenille pompons now so fashionable, to resemble cherries.

Nothing is prettier for a fancy work-basket than one of these hats thus embroidered. They are lined with bright sateen, or cretonne, with a bag at the upper edge that will draw up with a ribbon, and so hide any possibly untidy contents.

A stout wire must be run on round the edge before the lining is stitched in, and this keeps it in shape better. If handles are wished for, they may be contrived of two stout pieces of cord, covered closely with ribbon twisted round and round them, and attached to the sides of the basket.

These hats look very well if the brim is rolled over all round, and ornamented with a thick colored ruche. This makes a basket more open in form than the others, and the handle in this case must be placed over the top. These baskets are very useful as receptacles for spare tennis balls.

I lately saw these hats converted into flower-stands. Two or three of them, with the brim rolled back, were fastened together, and the flower-pots placed in the crowns. They were very little ornamented. Some of them had little legs of cane or bamboo fastened between the baskets, and spreading at the bottom were united at the top with a band and bow of ribbon. Others, a trifle smaller, had a little tin fitted in the crown, into which cut flowers were to be arranged.

Strawberry baskets may easily be converted into very tasteful work-baskets by taking a well-shaped one, wadding it thickly and covering it over with colored sateen, or if something more elaborate be desired, with satin or plush.

A handle made of crinolette steel covered with plush must be fastened over the top, and the whole thing is much improved by the addition of a little quilted cover edged with cord.

If possible, the patent dress steels should be used for making the handles of these baskets, as having a hole at each end, they are so much easier to sew in their place. They are usually sold at a very low price, in packets of different lengths. Bows of ribbon should be placed where the handle joins the basket and a ruche tacked round the outside.

If these are carefully made and finished, no one would guess that they consist simply of an old strawberry basket.

Very useful toilet pincushions may be of round cardboard collar boxes, or of the round white boxes that rolled tongues or brawn has been packed in.

They must, of course, be nicely padded and lined, and the lid stuffed with bran to hold the pins.

A frill of the material used must be placed round the bottom part of the box, and a ruching of the same round the lid. These will be found most useful if the lid is altogether movable, not fixed to the bottom as in the ordinary box pin-cushions, which have an awkward habit of tilting up directly the lid is opened.

Now that articles made of feathers are so much in vogue, people who have stores of peacock and other feathers laid by, will find many ways of using them up.

Fire-screens made of peacocks' plumes are very fashionable, and are easily made at home.

Cut a foundation the shape required of stiff black net; the shapes most popular are those of a shield or of a shamrock leaf.

Sew the feathers firmly on this net, beginning at the edge, placing the feathers a little beyond it, and finishing off in the centre. Let the best feathers be placed at the edge, for there they show most, and place the smaller ones in the centre.

Do not let the quills of the feathers be too long, or it will have a bunchy effect: put the feathers as close together as possible, and take care that the thread does not become entangled in the small light feathers and make them look ragged.

The best way is to hold the thread rather tightly round the little finger of the right hand until it is nearly all drawn through. When all the feathers are strongly sewn on, cover the place where they join with a bird's head and neck, or if this is not possible, with a good full tuft of peacocks' breast feathers.

The back of the screen must be lined with holland to hide the stitches, and if the net is not considered firm enough, place a piece of cardboard between it and the holland. Do not forget to add a couple of hooks to fasten it to the bars of the grate.

Small hand-screens may be made in the same way, but they must undoubtedly be made up on cardboard and finished off in the middle with a bird's head or a rosette. A small aigrette of beetles' wings is sometimes used for this purpose.

Soft white or grey feathers look very pretty for hand-screens, and the ornament in the centre should by rights be something bright in color.

The fire-screens are so convenient that many ladies use them in their rooms all the winter when a fire is not required. The fire may be laid ready behind them, and they are removed in an instant when it is to be lighted.

Pheasants' feathers may be made up into very pretty winter bonnets, and it is quite possible to make these at home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MR. HAWKINS, (colored), of Bonham, Texas, used a brick to dissect a bombshell, a relic of the war. His end was pieces.

Correspondence.

C. T. H.—We have no means of finding out the addresses you desire. Write to the paper called "Coach, Harness and Saddlery," published at New York. They may be able to give you the required information.

STAR.—In either case you should raise your hat; whether you are acquainted or not with any gentleman who may salute a lady with whom you are walking makes no difference whatever. You will always do right to return the courtesy.

W. W. H.—It is a disputed question, but the credit of inventing the telephone is generally given to Prof. Bell. (2). It came into use perhaps ten years since. (3). Boston and New York. (4). Morse invented the telegraph about 1838.

DIMPLE.—Do not do any thing foolish; listen to your parents. It is time enough for you to think of beaux when you are eight or ten years older. The idea of eloping or keeping company at your age is about as absurd a notion as we ever heard of.

BRIGHT EYES.—You can only wait for the gentleman to declare his affection; you cannot ask the question, and perhaps you misunderstand his feelings towards you, which may be only friendly. If he does care for you, be quite sure he will tell his love.

FERNIE.—We thank you for your appreciative remarks. You are quite right in thinking it rude to stand for any length of time talking with a gentleman in the street. He should turn and accompany the lady until he has said what he wishes to say.

A. K. R.—If you buy for cash and pay at the time of purchase, you do not need a receipted bill. Thus, if you walk into a jeweler's shop, buy a watch, and pay for it, you need no receipt. Of course, if you buy for cash from a tradesman who has been in the habit of giving you credit, it is wiser to ask for a receipt.

B. L.—Technical terms, as being often more precise in their signification, are to be preferred to more familiar expressions in treating of a subject requiring their use whenever the hearers are acquainted with the meaning of such terms. To the uninitiated the more familiar language would of course be the more intelligible.

E. L. B.—That would be a matter of taste. She may be given up to idle and frivolous amusements, or devoted to her home duties and the improvement of herself by reading or otherwise, and doing good in any little ways she can to those around her. These would be her pursuits, indicating plainly enough the great aim of her life, and the character of the prompting mind and spirit within.

PORTER.—The year 1848 witnessed the fall of King Louis Phillippe and the election of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency of the French Republic. The dethroned monarch died in 1850, and in 1852 Louis Napoleon was declared hereditary Emperor of the French under the title of Napoleon III. After the battle of Sedan, September 2, 1870, he surrendered to the King of Prussia. On September 4, he was formally deposed, and the present Republican form of government was established in France.

C. J. S. writes:—"When was the word 'strike' first used in connection with workmen and their employers?"—We are unable to say, but the term has probably been borrowed from the sailors, who are accustomed to speak of "striking sail," or from the soldiers, who "strike their tents," and has reference, of course, to the stoppage of the work hitherto carried on. The action is one similar, in some respects, to lowering the topsail of a ship, a signal that the warlike labors of the crew are, for the time, suspended.

BARBARY.—Mere speculation is a very dangerous way of trying to make money. It is only hard and honest work, continued with a spirit of pluck and perseverance, that can succeed in the long run. Because a man here and there succeeds in making what is called "a haul," by some so-called lucky stroke, many others are led to imagine they can do the same. Do not risk your money in any scheme the details of which you have not thoroughly mastered. Your own common sense will tell you that without the necessary precaution you can never know from one day to another whether you have not lost everything you possess.

F. P. writes:—"Would you kindly inform me the reason that in a lease the term of 99 years and 999 years is preferred to 100 years and 1,000 years respectively?"—The subject of this query is of antiquarian, rather than of modern, interest. After consulting many of the leading text-books on the point, we are unable to give an answer completely satisfactory to ourselves. The reason of the custom (for it is nothing more than custom) would seem to be that the stamp duty being greater for leases exceeding 100 and 1,000 years in duration than for those of lesser terms, it was deemed prudent to make the terms of 99 and 999 years respectively, in case they should, being 100 or 1,000 years, be liable to the higher duty.

ZOE.—The best method of curling feathers is to pass a blunt knife over the filaments with the aid of the thumb. This is the plan generally adopted by those who understand the business. Great care must be taken, however, not to break or cut the feather, which may be easily done if the knife be too sharp. Some people often curl feathers by holding them before the fire, but this usually has the effect of making the feather rotten, and the plan, therefore, should be avoided. If the feathers require cleaning put them into warm water, to which a little soda, or a weak solution of chloride of lime has been added. When clean, rinse them in cold water and place them on a cloth to drain. They may then be dried either in the sun or in a stove. If the latter they should first be in bags of coarse muslin, and the door of the stove must be left wide open.

GUARDIAN.—It is not easy to say what would be the best course to pursue under the circumstances you mention. The young people evidently are deeply in love, and any attempt to prevent them from seeing or writing to each other would only tend to draw them closer together. At the same time, it is well known that marriages between blood relations are often attended with lamentable results. On this ground we question the wisdom of a young lady, herself the daughter of parents who are cousins, marrying her cousin. So far as we can see, the only thing you can do is to represent the matter plainly to them in this light. You cannot hope, at their age—25 and 27 respectively—to control them in any other manner; neither do we think it would be wise to attempt to do so if you could. Such a course would almost certainly defeat its own objects. Let the lovers—at present, at all events—feel free to do as they will; and in the meantime see what changes, if any, time will effect.